

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1883.

## THE WIZARD'S SON.

### CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Walter seated himself beside Oona in the boat, and Hamish pushed off from the beach, there fell upon both these young people a sensation of quiet and relief for which one of them at least found it very difficult to account. It had turned out a very still afternoon. The heavy rains were over, the clouds broken up and dispersing, with a sort of sullen stillness, like a defeated army making off in dull haste, yet not without a stand here and there, behind the mountains. The loch was dark and still, all hushed after the sweeping blasts of rain, but black with the reflections of gloom from the sky. There was a sense of safety, of sudden quiet, of escape, in that sensation of pushing off, away from all passion and agitation upon this still sea of calm. Why Oona, who feared no one, who had no painful thoughts or associations to flee from, should have felt this she could not tell. The sense of interest in, and anxiety for, the young man by her side was altogether different. That was sympathetic and definable; but the sensation of relief was something more. She looked at him with a smile and sigh of ease as she gathered the strings of the rudder into her hands.

"I feel," she said, "as if I were running away, and had got safe out  
No. 282.—VOL. XLVII.

of reach; though there is nobody pursuing me that I know of," she added, with a faint laugh of satisfaction.

The wind blew the end of the white wrapper round her throat towards her companion, and he caught it as she had caught the rudder ropes.

"It is I that am pursued," he said, "and have escaped. I have a feeling that I am safe here. The kind water, and the daylight, and you—but how should *you* feel it? It must have gone from my mind to yours."

"The water does not look so very kind," said Oona, "except that it separates us from the annoyances that are on land—when there are annoyances."

She had never known any that were more than the troubles of a child before.

"There is this that makes it kind. If you were driven beyond bearing, a plunge down there and all would be over—"

"Lord Erradeen!"

"Oh, I don't mean to try. I have no thought of trying; but look how peaceful, how deep, all liquid blackness! It might go down to the mystic centre of the earth for anything one knows."

He leant over a little, looking down into those depths profound which were so still that the boat seemed to cut through a surface which had solidity; and in doing this put the boat out of

trim, and elicited a growl from Hamish.

It seemed to Oona, too, as if there was something seductive in that profound liquid depth, concealing all that sought refuge there. She put out her hand and grasped his arm in the thrill of this thought.

"Oh, don't look down," she said. "I have heard of people being caught, in spite of themselves, by some charm in it." The movement was quite involuntary and simple; but, on second thoughts, Oona drew away her hand, and blushed a little. "Besides, you put the boat out of trim," she said.

"If I should ever be in deadly danger," said Walter, with the seriousness which had been in his face all along, "will you put out your hand like that, without reflection, and save me?"

Oona tried to laugh again; but it was not easy; his seriousness gained upon her, in spite of herself.

"I think we are talking nonsense, and feeling nonsense; for it seems to me as if we had escaped from something. Now Hamish is pleased; the boat is trimmed. Don't you think," she said, with an effort to turn off graver subjects, "that it is a pity those scientific people who can do everything should not tunnel down through that centre of the earth you were speaking of, straight through to the other side of the world? Then we might be dropped through to Australia without any trouble. I have a brother there; indeed I have a brother in most places. Mamma and I might go and see Rob without any trouble, or he might come home for a dance, poor fellow; he was always very fond of dancing."

Thus she managed to fill up the time till they reached the isle. It lay upon the surface of that great mirror, all fringed and feathered with its bare trees; the occasional colour in the roofs gleaming back again out of the water, a little natural fastness, safe and sure. As Oona was later in returning than had been expected, the

little garrison of women in the isle was all astir and watching for her coming. Out of one of the upper windows there was the head of a young maid visible, gazing down the loch; and Mrs. Forrester, in her furred cloak, was standing in the porch, and Mysie half way down to the beach, moving from point to point of vision.

"They are all about but old Cookie," said Oona. "It is a terrible business when I am late. They think everything that is dreadful must have happened, and that makes a delightful sensation when I get home safe and well. I am every day rescued from a watery grave, or saved from some dreadful accident on shore, in my mother's imagination. She gives herself the misery of it, and then she has the pleasure of it," cried the girl, with the amused cynicism of youth.

"But to-day you bring a real fugitive with you—an escaped—what shall I call myself?—escaped not from harm, but from doing harm—which is the most dangerous of the two."

"You will never do harm to the poor folk," said Oona, looking at him with kind eyes.

"Never, while I am in my senses, and know. I want you to promise me something before we land."

"You must make haste, then, and ask; for there is Mysie ready with the boat-hook," said Oona, a little alarmed.

"Promise me—if it ever occurs that harm is being done in my name, to make me know it. Oh, not a mere note sent to my house; I might never receive it, like the last; but to make me know. See me, speak to me, think even:—and you will save me."

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, you must not put such a responsibility on me. How can I, a girl that is only a country neighbour—"

"Promise me!" he said.

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, this is almost tyrannical. Yes, if I can—if I think anything is concealed from you. Here I am, Mysie, quite safe; and of course mamma has been making herself miser-

able. I have brought Lord Erradeen to luncheon," Oona said.

"Eh, my lord, but we're glad to see you," said Mysie, with the gracious ease of hospitality. "They said you were going without saying good-bye, but I would never believe it. It is just his lordship, mem, as I said it was," she called to Mrs. Forrester, who was hastening down the slope.

The mistress of the island came down tripping, with her elderly graces, waving her white delicate hands.

"Oh, Oona, my dear, but I'm thankful to see you, and nothing happened," she cried; "and ye are very welcome, Lord Erradeen. I thought you would never go away without saying good-bye. Come away up to the house. It is late, late, for luncheon; but there will be some reason; and I never have any heart to take a meal by myself. Everything is ready: if it's not all spoiled?" Mrs. Forrester added, turning round to Mysie, as she shook hands with the unexpected guest.

"Oh, no fear of that, mem," said the factotum, "we're well enough used to waiting in this house: an hour, half an hour, is just nothing. The trout is never put down to the fire till we see the boat; but I maun away and tell cook."

"And you will get out some of the good claret," Mrs. Forrester cried. "Come away—come away, Lord Erradeen. We have just been wondering what had become of you. It is quite unfriendly to be at Auchnasheen and not come over to see us. Oona, run, my dear, and take off your things. Lord Erradeen will take charge of me. I am fain of an arm when I can get one up the brae. When the boys were at home I always got a good pull up. And where did you foregather you two? I am glad Oona had the sense to bring you with her. And I hope the trout will not be spoiled," she said with some anxiety. "Mysie is just too confident—far too confident. She is one that thinks nothing can go wrong on the isle."

"That is my creed too," said

Walter with an awakening of his natural inclination to make himself agreeable, and yet a more serious meaning in the words.

"Oh fie!" said Mrs. Forrester, shaking her head, "to flatter a simple person like me! We have but little, very little to offer; the only thing in our favour is that it's offered with real goodwill. And how do you like Auchnasheen? and are you just keeping it up as it was in the old lord's time? and how is Mary Fleming, the housekeeper, that was always an ailing body?" These questions, with others of the same kind, answered the purpose of conversation as they ascended to the house—with little intervals between, for Mrs. Forrester was a little breathless though she did not care to say so, and preferred to make pauses now and then to point out the variations of the landscape. "Though I know it so well, I never find it two days the same," she said. None of these transparent little fictions, so innocent, so natural, were unknown to her friends, and the sight of them had a curiously strengthening and soothing effect upon Walter, to whom the gentle perseverance of those amiable foibles so simple and evident, gave a sense of reality and nature which had begun to be wanting in his world. His heart grew lighter as he watched the "ways" of this simple woman, about whose guiles and pretences even there was no mystery at all, and whose little affectations somehow seemed to make her only more real. It gave him a momentary shock, however, when she turned round at her own door, and directed his attention to his old castle lying in lines of black and grey upon the glistening water. He drew her hastily within the porch.

"It gets colder and colder," he said; "the wind goes through and through one. Don't let me keep you out in this chilly air."

"I think you must have caught a little cold," said Mrs. Forrester, concerned, "for I do not find it so chilly

for my part. To be sure, Loch Houran is never like your quiet landward places in England: we are used up here to all the changes. Oona will be waiting for us by this time; and I hope you are ready for your dinner, Lord Erradeen, for I am sure I am. I should say for your lunch: but when it comes to be so far on in the day as this, these short winter days, Oona and me, we just make it our dinner. Oh, there you are, my dear! Lord Erradeen will like to step into Ronald's room and wash his hands, and then there will be nothing to wait for but the trout."

When they were seated at the table, with the trout cooked to perfection as fish only is where it is caught, Mrs. Forrester pressing him to eat with old-fashioned anxiety, and even Mysie, who waited at table, adding affectionate importunities, Walter's heart was touched with a sense of the innocence, the kindness, the gentle nature about him. He felt himself cared for like a child, regarded indeed as a sort of larger child to be indulged with every dainty they could think of, and yet in some ineffable way protected and guided too by the simple creatures round him. The mistress and the maid had little friendly controversies as to what was best for him.

"I thought some good sherry wine, mem, and him coming off the water, would be better than you could claret."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Mysie; but the young men nowadays are all for claret," Mrs. Forrester said.

"Just a wee bittie more of the fish, my lord," said Mysie, in his ear.

"No, no, Mysie," cried her mistress. "You know there are birds coming. Just take away the trout, it is a little cold, and there's far more nourishment in the grouse."

"To my mind, mem," said Mysie, "there is nothing better than a Loch Houran trout."

All this had the strangest effect

upon Walter. To come into this simple house was like coming back to nature, and that life of childhood in which there are no skeletons or shadows. Even his mother had never been so sheltering, so safe, so real. Mrs. Methven had far more intellect and passion than Mrs. Forrester. It had been impossible to her to bear the failure of her ideal in her boy. Her very love had been full of pain and trouble to both. But this other mother was of a different fashion. Whatever her children did was good in her eyes; but she protected, fed, took care of, extended her soft wings over them as if they still were in the maternal nest. The innocence of it all moved Walter out of himself.

"Do you know," he said at last, "what I have come from to your kind, sheltering house, Mrs. Forrester? Do you know what everybody, even your daughter, thought of me two hours ago?"

"I never thought any harm of you, Lord Erradeen," said Oona, looking up hastily.

"Harm of him! Dear me, Oona, you are far, very far, from polite. And what was it they thought of you?" asked Mrs. Forrester. "Oona is so brusque, she just says what she thinks; but sure am I it was nothing but good."

"They thought," said Walter, with an excitement which grew upon him as he went on, "that I, who have been poor myself all my life, that never had any money or lands till a few weeks ago, that I was going to turn poor women and children out of their houses, out upon the world, out to the wet, cold mountain side, without a shelter in sight. They thought I was capable of that. An old woman more than eighty, and a lot of little children! They thought I would turn them out! Oh, not the poor creatures themselves, but others; even Miss Oona. Is thy servant a dog—" cried the young man in a blaze of fiery agitation, the hot light of pain shining through the involuntary moisture in his eyes.



"Somebody says that in the Bible, I know. Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

"Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Forrester, in her sympathy, forgetting all distinctions, and only remembering that he was very like her Ronald, and was in trouble, "nobody, nobody thought you would do that. Oh no, no, fie no! nobody had such a thought. If I could believe it of Oona I would not speak to her—I would: no, no, it was never believed. I, for one, I knew you would never do it. I saw it," cried the kind lady, "in your eyes!"

Though Walter had no real confidence in the independent judgment which she asserted so unhesitatingly, yet he was consoled by the softness of the words, the assurance of the tone.

"I did not think such things ever happened in Scotland," he said. "It is Ireland one thinks of. And that it should be supposed I would do it has hurt me more than I can say—a stranger who had no one to stand up for me."

"That was just the way of it," said Mrs. Forrester, soothingly. "We think here that there is something strange in English ways. We never know how a thing will appear to them—that is how it was. But I said all through that it was impossible, and I just wrote to you last night (you would get my letter!) that you must not do it—for fear you might not have understood how it was."

"But there is another side to it," said Oona, "we must not forget, mother. Sometimes it is said, you know, that the poor folk can do no good where they are. We can all understand the shock of seeing them turned out of their houses, but then people say they cannot live there—that it would be better for themselves to be forced to go away."

"That is true, Oona," said her mother, facing round; "it is just a kind of starvation. When old Jenny went there first (she was in my nursery when I had one) there was just a perpetual craik about her rent.

Her man was one of the Frasers, and a well doing, decent man, till he died, poor fellow, as we must all do: and since that I have heard little about it, for I think it was just out of her power to pay anything. Duncan Fraser, he is a very decent man, but I remember the minister was saying if he was in Glasgow or Paisley, or some of those places, it would be better for his family. I recollect that the minister did say that."

"So, Lord Erradeen," said Oona, "without being cruel you might—but I—we all like you ten times better that you couldn't," said the girl, impulsively.

"Ay, that do we," said her mother ready to back up every side, "that do we! But I am not surprised. I knew that there was nothing unkind either in your heart or your face."

"There was no time," said Walter, "to think what was wise, or take into consideration, like a benevolent tyrant, what could be done for their good, without consulting their inclinations: which is what you mean, Miss Forrester——"

Oona smiled, with a little heightened colour. It was the commencement of one of those pretty duels which mean mutual attraction rather than opposition. She said, with a little nod of her head, "Go on."

"But one thing is certain," he said, with the almost solemn air which returned to his face at intervals, "that I will rather want shelter myself than turn another man out of his house, on any argument—far less helpless women and children. Did you laugh? I see no laughing in it," the young man cried.

"Me—laugh!" cried Mrs. Forrester, though it was at Oona he had looked. "If I laughed it was for pleasure. Between ourselves, Lord Erradeen (though they might perhaps be better away) turning out a poor family out of their house is a thing I could never away with. Oona may say what she likes—it is not Christian. Oh, it's not Christian!

I would have taken them in, as many as Mysie could have made room for: but I never could say that it was according to Christianity. Oh no, Lord Erradeen! I would have to be poor indeed—poor, poor indeed—before I would turn these poor folk away.”

“There would be no blessing upon the rest,” said Mysie, behind her mistress’s chair.

“That is settled then,” said Walter, whose heart grew lighter and lighter. “But that is not all. Tell me, if I were a benevolent despot, Miss Forrester—you who know everything—what should I do now?—for it cannot stop there.”

“We’ll go into the drawing-room before you settle that,” said Mrs. Forrester. “Dear me, it is quite dark; we will want the candles, Mysie. There is so little light in the afternoon at this time of the year. I am sorry there is no gentleman to keep you in countenance with your glass of wine, Lord Erradeen. If you had been here when my Ronald or Jamie, or even Rob, was at home! But they are all away, one to every airt, and the house is very lonely without any boys in it. Are you coming with us? Well, perhaps it will be more cheerful. Dear me, Mysie, you have left that door open, and we will just be perished with the cold.”

“Let me shut it,” Walter said.

He turned to the open door with a pleasant sense of taking the place of one of those absent boys whom the mother regretted so cheerfully, and with a lighter heart than he could have thought possible a few hours ago. But at the first glance he stood arrested with a sudden chill that seemed to paralyse him. It was almost dark upon the loch; the water gleamed with that polished blackness through which the boat had cut as through something solid; but blacker now, shining like jet against the less responsive gloom of the land and hills. The framework of the doorway made a picture of this night scene, with the more definite darkness of the old castle

in the centre, rising opaque against the softer distance. Seeing that Lord Erradeen made a sudden pause, Oona went towards him, and looked out too at the familiar scene. She had seen it often before, but it had never made the same impression upon her. “Oh, the light—the light again!” she said, with a cry of surprise. It came up in a pale glow as she was looking, faint, but throwing up in distinct revelation the mass of the old tower against the background. Walter, who seemed to have forgotten what he had come to do, was roused by her voice, and with nervous haste and almost violence shut the door. There was not much light in the little hall, and they could see each other’s faces but imperfectly, but his had already lost the soothed and relieved expression which had replaced its agitated aspect. He scarcely seemed to see her as he turned round, took up his hat from the table, and went on confusedly before, forgetting ordinary decorums, to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Forrester had already made herself comfortable in her usual chair, with the intention of for a few moments “just closing her eyes.” Mysie had not brought the lights, and he stood before the surprised lady like a dark shadow, with his hat in his hand.

“I have come to take my leave,” he said; “to thank you, and say good-bye.”

“Dear me,” said Mrs. Forrester, rousing herself, “you are in a great hurry, Lord Erradeen. Why should you be so anxious to go? You have nobody at Auchnasheen to be kept waiting. Toots! you must just wait now you are here for a cup of tea at least, and it will take Hamish a certain time to get out the boat.”

“I must go,” he said, with a voice that trembled: then suddenly threw down his hat on the floor and himself upon a low chair close to her, “unless,” he said, “unless—you will complete your charity by taking me in for the night. Will you keep me for the night?”

Put me in any corner. I don't mind—only let me stay."

"Let you stay!" cried the lady of the isle. She sprang up as lightly as a girl at this appeal, with no further idea of "closing her eyes." "Will I keep you for the night? But that I will, and with all my heart! There is Ronald's room, where you washed your hands, just all ready, nothing to do but put on the sheets, and plenty of his things in it in case you should want anything. Let you stay!" she cried, with delighted excitement, "it is what I would have asked and pressed you to do. And then we can do something for your cold, for I am sure you have a cold; and Oona and you can settle all that business about the tyrant, which is more than my poor head is equal to. Oona, my dear, will you tell Mysie?—where is Mysie? I will just speak to her myself. We must get him better of his cold, or what will his mother think? He must have some more blankets, or an eider-down, which will be lighter, and a good fire."

If her worst enemy had asked hospitality from Mrs. Forrester, she would have forgotten all her wrongs and opened her doors wide; how much more when it was a friend and neighbour! The demand itself was a kindness. She tripped away without a thought of her disturbed nap, and was soon heard in colloquy with Mysie, who shared all her sentiments in this respect. Oona, who stood silent by the fire, with a sense that she was somehow in the secret, though she did not know what it was, had a less easy part. The pang of sympathy she felt was almost intolerable, but she did not know how to express it. The quiet room seemed all at once to have become the scene of a struggle, violent though invisible, which she followed dumbly with an instinct beyond her power to understand. After an interval of silence which seemed endless, he spoke.

"It must be intended that we should have something to do with each other,"

he said, suddenly. "When you are there I feel stronger. If your mother had refused me, I should have been lost."

"It was impossible that she should have refused you, Lord Erradeen."

"I wish you would not call me by that ill-omened name. It is a horror to me; and then if all that is true — How is it possible that one man should lord it over an entire race for so long! Did you ever hear of a similar case? Oh! don't go away. If you knew what an ease it is to speak to you! No one else understands. It makes one feel as if one were restored to natural life to be able to speak of it, to ask advice. Nothing," he cried suddenly, getting up, picking up his hat as if about to leave the house, "nothing — shall induce me to go —"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, "you must not go;" though she could not have told why.

He put down the hat again on the table with a strange laugh. "I was going then," he said, "but I will not. I will do exactly as you say." He came up to her where she stood full of trouble watching him. "I dare say you think I am going wrong in my head, but it is not that. I am being dragged—with ropes. Give me your hand to hold by. There! that is safety, that is peace. Your hand is as soft—as snow," cried the young man. His own were burning, and the cool fresh touch of the girl seemed to diffuse itself through all his being. Oona was as brave in her purity as the other Una, the spotless lady of romance, and would have shrunk from no act of succour. But it agitated her to have this strange appeal for help. She did not withdraw her hand, but yet drew away a little, alarmed, not knowing what to do.

"You must not think," she said, faltering, "that any one—has more power over another than—he permits them to have."

She spoke like one of the oracles, not knowing what she said; and he

listened with a slight shake of his head, not making any reply. After a moment he yielded to the reluctance which made itself felt in her, and let her hand go.

"Will you come with me outside?" he said; "not there, where that place is. I think the cold and the night do one good. Can we go out the other way?"

Oona accepted this alternative gladly. "We can go to the walk, where it is always dry," she said, with an assumption of cheerfulness. "It looks to the south, and that is where the flowers grow best." As she led the way through the hall, Walter took up Mrs. Forrester's furred cloak which hung there, and put it round her with a great deal of tenderness and care. The girl's heart beat as he took this office upon him, as one of her brothers might have done. It was the strangest conjunction. He was not thinking of her at all, she felt, save as affording some mysterious help in those mysterious miseries: and yet there was a sweetness in the thought he took, even at this extraordinary moment, for her comfort. There could have been no such dangerous combination of circumstances for Oona, whose heart was full of the early thrill of romance, and that inextinguishable pity and attraction towards the suffering which tells for so much in the life of women. A softness and melting of the heart indescribable came over her as she felt his light touch on her shoulders, and found herself enveloped, as it were, in his shadow and the sentiment of his presence. He was not thinking of her, but only of his need of her, fantastic though that might be. But her heart went out towards him with that wonderful feminine impulse which is at once inferior and superior, full of dependence, yet full of help. To follow all his movements and thoughts as well as she could with wistful secondariness; yet to be ready to guide, to save, when need was—to dare anything for that office. There

had never been anything in Oona's life to make her aware of this strange, sweet, agitating position—the unchangeable one between the two mortal companions who have to walk the ways of earth together. But his mind was pre-occupied with other thoughts than her, while hers were wholly bent upon him and his succour. It was dangerous for her, stealing her heart out of her breast in the interest, the sympathy, the close contact involved; but of none of these things was he very clearly aware in the pre-occupation of his thoughts.

They walked up and down for a time together, behind the house, along the broad walk, almost a terrace, of the kitchen garden, where there was a deep border filled in summer with every kind of old-fashioned flowers. It was bare now, with naked fruit-trees against the wall, but the moon was hid in clouds, and it was impossible to see anything, except from the end of the terrace the little landing-place below, and the first curves of the walk leading up to the house, and all round the glimmer of the loch. The stillness had been broken by the sound of a boat, but it was on the Auchnasheen side, and though Oona strained her eyes she had not been able to see it, and concluded that, if coming to the isle at all, it must have touched the opposite point where there was a less easy, but possible, landing-place. As they reached the end of the terrace, however, she was startled to see a figure detach itself from the gloom and walk slowly towards the house.

"The boat must have run in under the bushes, though I cannot see it," she said; "but there is some one coming up the walk."

Walter turned to look with momentary alarm, but presently calmed down. "It is most likely old Symington, who takes a paternal charge of me," he said.

Soon after they heard the steps, not heavy, but distinctly audible, crushing the gravel, and to Oona's great sur-

prise, though Walter, a stranger to the place, took no notice of the fact, these footsteps, instead of going to the door, as would have been natural, came round the side of the house and approached the young pair in their walk. The person of the new-comer was quite unknown to Oona. He took off his hat with an air of well-bred courtesy—like a gentleman, not like a servant—and said—

"I am reluctant to interrupt such a meeting, but there is a boat below for Lord Erradeen."

Walter started violently at the sound of the voice, which was, notwithstanding, agreeable and soft, though with a tone of command in it. He came to a sudden stop, and turned round quickly as if he could not believe his ears.

"There is a boat below," the stranger repeated, "and it is extremely cold; the men are freezing at their oars. They have not the same delightful inspiration as their master, who forgets that he has business to settle this final night——"

Walter gave a strange cry, like the cry of a hunted creature. "In God's name," he exclaimed, "what have you to do here?"

"My good fellow," said the other, "you need not try your hand at exorcising; others have made that attempt before you. Is Circe's island shut to all footsteps save yours? But, even then, you could not shut out me. I must not say Armida's garden in this state of the temperature——" he said.

"Who is it?" asked Oona in great alarm under her breath.

"Let me answer you," the intruder said. "It is a sort of a guardian who has the first right to Lord Erradeen's consideration. Love, as even the copybooks will tell, ought to be subordinate to duty."

"Love!" cried Oona, starting from the young man's side. The indignant blood rushed to her face. She turned towards the house in sudden anger and shame and excitement. Circe!

Armida! Was it she to whom he dared to apply these insulting names?

Walter caught her cloak with both hands.

"Do you not see," he said, "that he wants to take you from me, to drive you away, to have me at his mercy? Oona! you would not see a man drown and refuse to hold out your hand?"

"This is chivalrous," said the stranger, "to put a woman between you and that—which you are afraid to meet."

To describe the state of excited feeling and emotion in which Oona listened to this dialogue, would be impossible. She was surprised beyond measure, yet, in the strange excitement of the encounter, could not take time to wonder or seek an explanation. She had to act in the meantime, whatever the explanation might be. Her heart clanged in her ears. Tenderness, pity, indignation, shame, thrilled through her. She had been insulted, she had been appealed to by the most sacred voice on earth—the voice of suffering. She stood for a moment looking at the two shadows before her, for they were little more.

"And if he is afraid why should not he turn to a woman?" she said with an impulse she could scarcely understand. "If he is afraid, I am not afraid. This isle belongs to a woman. Come and tell her, if you will, what you want. Let my mother judge, who is the mistress of this place. Lord Erradeen has no right to break his word to her for any man: but if my mother decides that you have a better claim, he will go."

"I will abide by every word she says," Walter cried.

The stranger burst into a laugh.

"I am likely to put forth my claim before such a tribunal!" he said. "Come, you have fought stoutly for your lover. Make a virtue of necessity now, and let him go."

"He is not my lover," cried Oona, "but I will not let him go." She

added after a moment, with a sudden change of tone, coming to herself, and feeling the extraordinary character of the discussion. "This is a very strange conversation to occur here. I think we are all out of our senses. It is like the theatre. I don't know your name, sir, but if you are Lord Erradeen's guardian, or a friend of his, I invite you to come and see my mother. Most likely," she added, with a slight faltering, "she will know you, as she knows all the family." Then, with an attempt at playfulness, "If it is to be a struggle between this gentleman and the ladies of the isle, Lord Erradeen, tell him he must give way."

The stranger took off his hat and made her a profound bow.

"I do so on the instant," he said.

The two young people stood close together, their shadows confounded in one, and there did not seem time to draw a breath before they were alone, with no sound or trace remaining to prove that the discussion in which a moment before their hearts had been beating so loudly had ever existed at all. Oona looked after the stranger with a gasp. She clung to Walter, holding his arm tight.

"Where has he gone?" she cried in a piercing whisper. She trembled so after her boldness that she would have fallen but for his sustaining arm. "Who is he? Where has he gone? That is not the way to the beach. Call after him, call after him, and tell him the way."

Walter did not make any reply. He drew her arm closer through his, and turned with her towards the house. As for Oona, she seemed incapable of any thought but that this strange intruder might be left on the isle.

"He will get into the orchard and then among the rocks. He will lose himself," she cried; "he may get into the water. Call to him, Lord Erradeen—or stop, we will send Hamish. Here is Hamish. Oh, Hamish! the gentleman has taken the wrong way——"

"It will just be a boat that has

come for my lord," said Hamish. "I tell them my lord was bidding all night, but nothing would satisfy them, but I had to come up and get his lordship's last word."

"Oh, he is not going, Hamish! but there is a gentleman——"

Walter interrupted her with an abruptness that startled Oona.

"Let them see that every one is on board—and return at once," he said.

"Oh there will just be everybody on board that ever was, for none has come ashore," said Hamish. "What was you saying about a gentleman, Miss Oona? There will be no gentleman. It is joost Duncan and another man with him, and they cried upon me, Hamish! and I answered them. But there will be no gentleman at all," Hamish said.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It was very dark upon Loch Houran that night. Whether nature was aware of a dark spirit, more subtle and more powerful than common man, roaming about in the darkness, temporarily baffled by agencies so simple that their potency almost amused while it confounded him—and shrank from the sight of him, who could tell? but it was dark, as a night in which there was a moon somewhere which ought never to have been. The moon was on the wane, it was true, which is never like her earlier career, but all trace and influence of her were lost in the low-lying cloud which descended from the sky like a hood, and wrapped everything in gloom. The water only seemed to throw a black glimmer into the invisible world where all things brooded in silence and cold, unseen, unmoving. The only thing that lived and shone in all this mysterious still universe was one warm, window full of light, that shone from the isle. It was a superstition of the simple mistress of the house that there should be no shutter or



curtain there, so that any late "traveler by land or water" might be cheered by this token of life and possible help. Had that traveller, needing human succour, been led to claim shelter there, it would have been accorded fearlessly. "Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold." The little innocent household of defenceless women had not a fear. Hamish only, who perhaps felt a responsibility as their sole possible defender, might have received with suspicion such an unexpected guest.

The mysterious person already referred to—whose comings and goings were not as those of other men, and whose momentary discomfiture by such simple means perplexed yet partially amused him, as has been said, passed by that window at a later hour and stood for a moment outside. The thoughts with which, out of the external cold and darkness, which affected him not at all, he regarded the warm interior where simple human souls, sheltering themselves against the elements, gathered about their fire, were strange enough. The cold, which did not touch him, would have made them shiver; the dark, which to his eyes was as the day, would have confused their imaginations and discouraged their minds; and yet together by their fire they were beyond his power. He looked in upon their simplicity and calm and safety with that sense of the superiority of the innocent which at the most supreme moment will come in to dash all the triumphs of guile, and all the arts of the schemer. What he saw was the simplest cheerful scene, the fire blazing, the lamp burning steadily, a young man and a girl seated together, not in any tender or impassioned conjunction, but soberly discussing, calculating, arguing, thought to thought and face to face; the mother, on the other side, somewhat faded, smiling, not over wise, with her book, to which she paid little attention, looking up from time to time, and saying something far from clever. He might have gone in

among them, and she would have received him with that same smile and offered him her best, thinking no evil. He had a thousand experiences of mankind, and knew how their minds could be worked upon and their imaginations inflamed, and their ambitions roused. Was he altogether baffled by this simplicity, or was there some lingering of human ruth in him, which kept him from carrying disturbance into so harmless a scene? or was it only to estimate those forces that he stood and watched them, with something to learn, even in his vast knowledge, from this unexpected escape of the fugitive, and the simple means by which he had been baffled for the moment, and his prey taken from him? For the moment!—that was all.

"Come, come now," Mrs. Forrester said. "You cannot argue away like that, and fight all night. You must make up your bits of differences, and settle what is to be done; for it is time we had the Books, and let the women and Hamish get to their beds. They are about all day, and up early in the morning, not like us that sit with our hands before us. Oona, you must just cry upon Mysie, and let them all come ben. And if you will hand me the big Bible that is upon yon table—since you are so kind, Lord Erradeen."

At this simple ceremonial—the kindly servant-people streaming in, the hush upon their little concerns, the unison of voices, from Oona's, soft with youth and gentle breeding, to the rough bass of Hamish, in words that spectator knew as well as any—the same eyes looked on, with feelings we cannot attempt to fathom. Contempt, envy, the wonder of the wise over the everlasting, inexplicable superiority of the innocent, were these the sentiments with which he gazed? But in the night and silence there was no interpreter of these thoughts. How he came or went was his own secret. The window was closed soon after, the lights extinguished, and the darkness

received this little community of the living and breathing, to keep them warm and unseen and unconscious till they should be claimed again by the cheerful day.

The household, however, though it presented an aspect of such gentle calm, was not in reality so undisturbed as it appeared. In Oona's chamber, for one, there was a tumult of new emotions which to the girl were incomprehensible, strange, and terrible, and sweet. Lord Erradeen was but a new acquaintance, she said to herself, as she sat over her fire, with everything hushed and silent about her; nevertheless the tumult of feeling in her heart was all connected with him. Curiously enough, the strange encounter in the garden—of which she had received no explanation—had disappeared from her thoughts altogether. The rise and sudden dawn of a new life in her own being was more near and momentous than any mysterious circumstances, however unlike the common. By and by she might come to that—in the meantime a sentiment "*nova, sola, infinita*," occupied all her consciousness. She had known him during the last week only: three times in all, on three several days, had they met; but what a change these three days had made in the life that had been so free and so sweet, full of a hundred interests, without any that was exclusive and absorbing. In a moment, without knowing what was coming, she had been launched into this new world of existence. She was humbled to think of it, yet proud. She felt herself to have become a sort of shadow of him, watching his movements with an anxiety which was without any parallel in her experience, yet at the same time able to interpose for him, when he could not act for himself, to save him. It seemed to Oona suddenly, that everything else had slipped away from her, receding into the distance. The things that had occupied her before were now in the background. All the stage of life was filled with him, and the

events of their brief intercourse had become the only occupation of her thoughts. She wondered and blushed as she wandered in that maze of recollections at her own boldness in assuming the guidance of him; yet felt it to be inevitable—the only thing to be done. And the strange new thrill which ran through her veins when he had appealed to her, when he had implored her to stand by him, came back with an acute sweet mixture of pleasure and pain. She declared to herself, Yes!—with a swelling of her heart—she would stand by him, let it cost her what it might. There had been no love spoken or thought of between them. It was not love: what was it? Friendship, fraternity, the instinctive discovery of one by another, that divination which brings those together who can help each other. It was he, not she, who wanted help—what did it matter which it was! in giving or in receiving it was a new world. But whether it was a demon or an angel that had thus got entrance into that little home of peace and security—who could tell? Whatever it was, it was an inmate hitherto unknown, one that must work change, both in earth and Heaven.

Everything that could trouble or disturb had vanished from the dark world outside before Oona abandoned her musings—or rather before she felt the chill of the deep night round her—and twisted up her long hair, and drew aside the curtains from her window as was her custom that she might see the sky from her bed. There had been a change in the midnight hours. The clouds at last had opened, and in the chasm made by their withdrawal was the lamp of the waning moon "lying on her back" with a sort of mystic disturbance and ominous clearness, as if she were lighting the steps of some evil enterprise, guiding a traitor or a murderer to the refuge of some one betrayed. Oona shivered as she took refuge in the snow-white nest which had never hitherto brought her anything but profound youthful repose,

and the airy flitting dreams of a soul at rest. But though this momentary chill was impressed upon her senses, neither fear nor discouragement was in her soul. She closed her eyes only to see more clearly the face of this new influence in her life, to feel her pulses tingle as she remembered all the events of the three days' *Odyssey*, the strange magical history that had sprung into being in a moment, yet was alive with such endless interest, and full of such a chain of incidents. What was to be the next chapter in it? Or was it to have another chapter? She felt already with a deep drawing of her breath, and warned herself that all would probably end here, and everything relapse into vacancy—a conclusion inconceivable, yet almost certain, she said to herself. But this consciousness only excited her the more. There was something in it of that whirl of desperation which gives a wild quickening to enjoyment in the sensation of momentariness and possible ending—the snatching of a fearful joy.

This sudden end came, however, sooner than she thought; they had scarcely met at the breakfast table when Lord Erradeen begged Mrs. Forrester to allow him to send for his servant, and make his arrangements for his departure from the isle, instead of returning to Auchnasheen. "I have not felt safe or at ease, save here, since I came to the loch," he said, looking round him with a grateful sense of the cheerful quiet and security. His eyes met those of Oona, who was somewhat pale after her long vigil and broken rest. She had recognised at once with a pang the conclusion she had foreseen, the interruption of her new history which was implied in the remorseless unintentional abruptness of this announcement. He was going away; and neither felt any inducement to stay, nor any hesitation in announcing his resolution. She had known it would be so, and yet there was a curious pang of surprise in it which seemed to arrest her heart.

Notwithstanding, as in duty bound, she met his look with a smile in her eyes.

"Hoots," said Mrs. Forrester, "you flatter the isle, Lord Erradeen. We know that is just nonsense; but for all that, we take it kind that you should like our little house. It will always be found here, just faithful and friendly, whenever you come back. And certainly ye shall send for your man or make what arrangements suits you. There's the library quite free and at your service for any writing you may have to do, and Hamish will take any message to Auchnasheen, or wherever you please. The only thing that grieves me is that you should be so set on going to-day."

"That must be—that must be!" cried Walter: and then he began to make excuses and apologies. There were circumstances which made it indispensable—there were many things that made him anxious to leave Auchnasheen. No, it was not damp—which was the instant suggestion of Mrs. Forrester. There were other things. He was going back to Sloebury to his mother (Mrs. Forrester said to England), and it was so recently that he had entered upon his property, that there was still a great deal to do. After he had made this uncompromising statement of the necessities that he had to be guided by, he looked across the table at Oona once more.

"And Miss Forrester is so kind as to take in hand for me the settlement of the cottars. It will be her doing. I hope they will not blame me for that alarm yesterday, which was no fault of mine; but the new arrangement will be your doing altogether."

"I shall not take the credit," said Oona. "I had not even the boldness to suggest it. It was your own thought, and they will bless you so, that wherever you are, at Sloebury or the end of the world, you must feel your heart warm—"

She said this with great self-command; but she was pale, and there was a curious giddiness stealing over her. She seemed to feel the solid

ground slip away from under her feet.

"My heart," he said, looking at her with a grateful look, "will always be warm when I think of the Isle, and all that has been done for me here."

"Now, Lord Erradeen," said Mrs. Forrester, "you will just make Oona and me vain with all these bonnie speeches. We are always glad to be friendly and neighbourlike, but what have we been able to do?—just nothing. When you come back again and let your friends see a little more of you, we will all do what we can to make the loch agreeable. But I hope it will be warmer weather, and more pleasure in moving about. You will be back no doubt, if not sooner, in time for the grouse."

He grew pale in spite of himself, and Oona looking at him, felt the steady earth slip more and more away.

"I don't know," he said, hurriedly, "when I may come back—not before I—not sooner than I can—I mean there are a great many things to look after; and my mother——"

His eyes seemed to seek hers again as if asking her sympathy, and appealing to her knowledge. "Not before I must—not sooner than I can help," that was what he meant to say. Oona gave him a faint smile of response. It was so wonderful that when she understood him so completely, he should understand her so little, and never suspect that there was anything cruel in those words. But she made the response he required, and strengthened him by that instinctive comprehension of him in which he put so strange a trust. There was an eagerness in all his preparations for going away which he almost forced upon her notice, so strong was his confidence in her sympathy. He lost no time about any of these arrangements, but sent Hamish with his boat to Auchnasheen for Symington, and wrote down his instructions for Shaw, and talked of what he was going to do when he got "home," with the

most absolute insensibility to any feeling in the matter save his own. And it seemed to Oona that the moments flew, and the quick morning melted away, and before she could collect her thoughts the time came when her mother and she walked down to the beach with him, smiling, to see him off. There had never been a word said between them of that conversation in the garden on the previous night. Only when he was just about to leave, he cast a glance towards the walk where that encounter had taken place, and turned to her with a look such as cannot pass between any but those that have some secret link of mutual knowledge. Her mother was talking cheerfully of the view and the fine morning after the rain, walking before them, when he gave Oona that look of mutual understanding. "I owe you everything," he said, in a low tone of almost passionate fervour. Presently she found herself shaking hands with him as if he had been nothing more than the acquaintance of three days which he was, and wishing him a good journey. And so the Odyssey came to an end, and the history stopped in the course of making. She stood still for a little, watching the boat and the widening lines it drew along the surface of the water. "Sometimes to watch a boat moving off will give you a giddiness," Mrs. Forrester said.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE could be no greater contrast than that which existed between Walter Methven, Lord Erradeen, hurrying away with the sense of a man escaped with his life from the shores of Loch Houran and Oona Forrester left behind upon the isle.

It was not only that he had all at once become the first object in her life, and she counted for little or nothing in his. That was not the question. She had been for sufficient space of time, and with sufficient stress of circum-

stances to make the impression one which would not die easily, of the first importance in his thoughts: and no doubt that impression would revive when he had leisure from the overwhelming pre-occupation which was in his mind. But it was that he was himself full of an anxiety and excitement strong enough to dwarf every other feeling, which made the blood course through his veins, and inspired every thought; while she was left in a state more like vacancy than anything else, emptied out of everything that had interested her. The vigorous bend of the rowers to the oars as they carried him away was not more unlike the regretful languor of the women as they stood on the beach, Mrs. Forrester waving her handkerchief, but Oona without even impulse enough in her to do that.

As for Walter, he was all energy and impulse. He arranged the portmanteaux which Symington had brought with his own hands, to leave room for the sweep of the oars, and quicken the crossing. His farewells were but half said. It seemed as if he could scarcely breathe till he got away. Every stroke of the oars lightened his heart, and when he was clear of that tragic water altogether, and sprang up upon the rude country waggonette which had been engaged at the inn to carry him to the station, his brow relaxed, and the muscles of his mouth gave way as they had not done since his first day on Loch Houran. He gave a look almost of hatred at the old castle, and then averted his face. When he reached the railway, the means of communication with the world he had known before, he was a different man. The horses had gone too slowly for him, so did the leisurely friendly trains on the Highland railway, with their broad large windows for the sake of the views. Travellers, as a rule, did not wish to go too fast while they skirted those gleaming lochs, and ran along under shadow of the mountains. They liked to have somebody to point out which was Loch Ool and which St.

Monan's. It was too slow for Lord Erradeen, but still it was going away. He began to think of all the commonplace accessories of life with a sort of enthusiasm—the great railway stations, the Edinburgh Hotel, with its ordinary guests. He was so sick of everything connected with his Highland property and with its history, that he resolved he would make no pause in Edinburgh, and would not go near Mr. Milnathort. The questions they would no doubt put to him made him impatient even in thought. He would not subject himself to these; he would put away altogether out of his mind, if he could, everything connected with it, and all that he had been seeing and hearing, or, at least, had fancied he heard and saw.

But when Oona turned away from looking after the boat—which she was indeed the first to do, Mrs. Forrester waiting almost as long as it was within sight to wave her handkerchief if the departing guest should look back—she felt herself and her life emptied out all at once. When she began to think of it in the cold light of this sudden conclusion, a sense of humiliation came over her. She blushed with hot shame at this altogether unasked, unreasonable, unnecessary resignation of herself and her interests to a stranger. He was nothing but a stranger, she said to herself; there was no remarkable charm in him one way or another. She had not been at all affected by his first appearance. He was not handsome enough or clever enough, nor had he any special attraction to gain him so high a place. Somehow she had not thought of Walter in her first realization of the new interest which had pushed away all the other occupations out of her existence: and she had not blushed in the high sense of expanded life and power to help. But now it moved her with a certain shame to think that the sudden departure of a man whom she scarcely knew, and and to whom she was nothing, should thus have emptied out her existence and left a bewildering blank in her

heart. She went slowly up the walk, and went to her room, and there sat down with a curious self-abandonment. It was all over, all ended and done. When he came into her life it was accidentally, without any purpose in it on either side; and now that he had gone out of it again, there was no anger, no sense of wrong, only a curious consciousness that everything had gone away—that the soil had slipped from her, and nothing was left. No, there was no reason at all to be angry—nobody was to blame. Then she laughed a little at herself at this curious, wanton sort of trouble, intended by nobody—which neither he had meant to draw her into, nor she to bring upon herself.

There was one thing however between her and this vacancy. He had left her a commission which any kind-hearted girl would have thought a delightful one—to arrange with the factor how the cottars were to be most effectually helped and provided for. It had been their thought at first—the young man being little better instructed than the girl on such matters—that to make Duncan Fraser and the rest the proprietors of their little holdings would be the most effectual way of helping them, and would do the property of Lord Erradeen very little harm—a thing that Walter, unaccustomed to property, and still holding it lightly, contemplated with all the ease of the landless, never thinking of the thorn in the flesh of a piece of alienated land in the midst of an estate, until it suddenly flashed upon him that his estates being all entailed, this step would be impossible. How was it to be done then? They had decided that Shaw would know best, and that some way of remitting the rents at least during the lifetime of the present Lord Erradeen must be settled upon, and secured to them at once. Oona had this commission left in her hands. She could have thought of none more delightful a few days ago, but now it seemed to make the future vacancy of life all the more

evident by the fact that here was one thing, and only one, before her to do. When that was done, what would happen?—a return upon the pleasant occupations, the amusements, the hundred little incidents which had filled the past? After all, the past was only a week back. Can it ever return, and things be again as they were before?—Oona had never reasoned or speculated on these matters till this moment. She had never known by experiment that the past cannot return, or that which has been be once more; but she became aware of it in a moment now.

Then she got up and stood at her window and looked out on the unchanging landscape, and laughed aloud at herself. How ridiculous it was! By this time it made no difference to Lord Erradeen that she had ever existed. Why should it make any difference to her that he had come and gone? The new generation takes a view of such matters which is different from the old-fashioned sentimental view. After yielding to the new influence rashly, unawares, like a romantic girl of any benighted century, Oona began to examine it like an enlightened young intelligence of her own. Her spirit rose against it, and that vigorous quality which we call a sense of humour. There was something almost ludicrous in the thought that one intelligent creature should be thus subject to another, and that life itself should be altered by an accidental meeting. And if this was absurd to think of in any case, how much more in her own? Nobody had ever had a more pleasant, happy life. In her perfect womanliness and submission to all the laws of nature, she was yet as independent as the most free-born soul could desire. There was no path in all the district, whether it led to the loneliest cottage or the millionaire's palace, that was not free to Oona Forrester. The loch and the hills were open as her mother's garden, to the perfectly dauntless, modest creature, who had



never in her life heard a tone or caught a look of disrespect. She went her mother's errands, which were so often errands of charity, far and near, with companions when she cared for them, without companions when she did not. What did it matter? The old cottar people about had a pretty Gaelic name for her; and to all the young ones Miss Oona of the Isle was as who should say Princess Oona, a young lady whom every one was bound to forward upon her way. Her mother was not so clever as Oona, which was, perhaps, a drawback; but she could not have been more kind, more tender, more loving if she had possessed, as our Laureate says, "the soul of Shakespeare." All was well about and around this favourite of nature. How was it possible then that she could have come to any permanent harm in two or three days?

Notwithstanding this philosophical view, however, Oona did nothing all that day, and to tell the truth felt little except the sense of vacancy; but next day she announced to her mother that she was going to the Manse to consult with Mr. Cameron about the Truach-Glas cottars, and that probably she would see Mr. Shaw there, and be able to do the business Lord Erradeen had confided to her. Mrs. Forrester fully approved.

"A thing that is to make poor folks more comfortable should never be put off a moment," that kind woman said, "for, poor bodies, they have little enough comfort at the best," and she stood at the porch and waved her hand to her child, as the boat sped out of the shade of the isle into the cold sunshine which had triumphed for an hour or two over the clouds and rain. Oona found Mr. Shaw as she had anticipated, in the village, and there was a very brisk and not altogether peaceable discussion in the minister's study, over this new idea. The factor, though he was so strongly set against all severe measures, and in reality so much on the side of the cottars, was yet taken aback, as was natural, by

No. 282.—VOL. XLVII.

the new idea presented to him. He laughed at the notion of making them the owners of their little holdings.

"Why not give Tom Patterson his farm too? He finds it just as hard to pay the rent," he cried in mingled ridicule and wrath. "There is no difference in the principle though there may be in the circumstances. And what if Lord Erradeen had a few hundred crofters instead of half-a-dozen? I'm speaking of the principle. Of course he cannot do it. It's all entailed, every inch of the land, and he cannot do it; but supposing he could, and that he were treating them all equally? It's just not to be done. It is just shifting the difficulty. It is putting other people at a disadvantage. A man cannot give away his land and his living. It is just a thing that is not to be done."

"He knows it is not to be done; he knows it is entailed, therefore——"

"Oh yes, Miss Oona; therefore——" cried the factor. "Little of it, very little would have come his way if it had not been entailed. Whether or not it is good for the country, there can be no doubt it's the stronghold of a family. Very likely there would have been no Methvens (and small damage, begging his pardon that is a kind of a new stock), and certainly there would have been no property to keep up a title, but for the entail. It is a strange story, the story of them altogether." Shaw continued, "It has been a wonderfully managed property. I must say that for it; no praise to me, so I am free to speak. There was the late lord—the only one I knew. There was very little in him, and yet the way he managed was wonderful; they have just added land to land, and farm to farm. I do not understand it. And now I suppose we've arrived at the prodigal that always appears some time in a family to make the hoards go."

"No, no," said the minister, "you must not call the man a prodigal whose wish is to give to the poor."

"That is all very well," said Shaw;

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"the poor, where there are half-a-dozen of them, are easily enough managed. Give them their land if you like (if it were not criminal to cut a slice out of an estate), it does not matter much; but if there were a hundred! It is the principle I am thinking of. They cannot buy it themselves, and the State will not buy it for them, seeing they are only decent Scots lads, not blazing Irishmen. I cannot see where the principle will lead to; I am not against the kindness, Miss Oona, far from that: and these half-a-dozen Frasers, what would it matter! but if there were a hundred! The land is just my profession, as the Church is Mr. Cameron's, and I must think of it, all the ways of it; and this is a thing that would not work so far as I can see."

"But Lord Erradeen acknowledges that," said Oona. "What he wants to do is only for his time. To set them free of the rent they cannot pay, and to let them feel that nobody can touch them, so long as he lives—"

"And the Lord grant him wealth of days," said the minister; "a long life and a happy one!"

"You will not look at it," cried the factor, "from a common-sense point of view. All that is very pretty, and pleasing to the young man's—what shall I call it?—his kindness and his vanity, for both are involved, no doubt. But it will just debauch the minds of the people. They will learn to think they have a right to it; and when the next heir comes into possession, there will be a burning question raised up, and a bitter sense of wrong if he asks for his own again. Oh yes, Miss Oona, so long as the present condition of affairs lasts it will be his own. A man with a rent of two or three pounds is just as liable as if it were two or three hundred. The principle is the same; and as I am saying, if there were a number of them, you just could not do it: for I suppose you are not a communist, Miss Oona, that would do away with property altogether?"

A sudden smile from among the clouds lit up Shaw's ruddy, remonstrative countenance, as he put this question, and Oona smiled too.

"I don't make any theories," she said; "I don't understand it. I feel as Lord Erradeen does, that whatever the law may be, I would rather be without a roof to shelter myself than turn one poor creature out of her home. Oh, I don't wonder, when I remember the horror in his face! Think! could you sleep, could you rest—you, young and strong, and well off, when you had turned out the poor folk to the hill?—all for a little miserable money?" cried Oona, starting to her feet, "or for the principle, as you call it? I, for one," cried the girl, with flashing eyes, "would never have let him speak to me again."

"There you have it, Oona; there's a principle, if you like; there is something that will work," cried the old minister, with a tremulous burst of laughter. "Just you keep by that, my bonnie dear, and all your kind; and we'll hear of few evictions within the Highland line."

"That would be all very well," said the factor, "if every landlord was a young lad, like Lord Erradeen; but even then it might be a hard case, and Miss Oona would not find it as easy as she thinks; for supposing there were hundreds, as I'm always saying: and supposing there were some among them that could just pay well enough, but took advantage; and supposing a landlord that was poor too, and was losing everything? No, no, Miss Oona, in this world things are not so simple. My counsel is to let them be—just to let them be. I would bid them pay when they can, and that my lord would not be hard upon them. That is what I would do. I would tell them he was willing to wait, and may be to forgive them what was past, or something like that. After what happened the other day, they will be very sure he will not be hard upon them. And that is what I would advise him to do."

"You are not going to wash your hands of it, after all!" the minister said.

Shaw laughed. "Not just this time, Mr. Cameron. I always thought he was a fine lad. And now that he has good advisers, and amenable——" he added, with a glance at Oona, which fortunately she did not see.

She had made up her mind to go up to the Glen, and convey the good news to the cottars, and, though it was not such entire good news as she wished, and Oona was somewhat disappointed, she paid them the visit notwithstanding, and gave the women to understand that there was nothing to fear from Lord Erradeen. It was a long walk, and the afternoon was almost over when Oona came once more in sight of the loch. To get there the sooner, she took a path which cut off a corner, and which communicated, by a little narrow byway leading through the marshy ground at the head of the loch, with the old castle. She was a little startled as she hurried along, to see some one advance, as if to meet her from this way. Her heart jumped with a momentary idea that the slim dark figure against the light in the west, was Lord Erradeen himself come back. But another glance satisfied her that this was not so. She was surprised, but not at all alarmed; for there was no one within reach of Loch Houran of whom it was possible to imagine that Oona could be afraid. She was singularly moved, however, she could not tell why, when she perceived, as they approached each other, that it was the same person who had come two nights before with the boat from Auchnasheen, and who had sought Walter on the isle. It had been too dark then to distinguish his features clearly, and yet she was very sure that it was he. In spite of herself, her heart beat at this encounter. She did not know what or who he was; but he was Walter's enemy and taskmaster, or so at least it was evident Lord Erradeen thought. She felt a nervous feeling steal over her as he

came towards her, wondering would he speak to her, and what he would say. She did not, indeed, know him, having seen him only under such circumstances, but she could not keep the consciousness that she did know him, out of her face. It was with a still stronger throb of her heart that she saw he meant to claim the acquaintance.

"Good evening," he said, taking off his hat, "I have not had the advantage of being presented to you, Miss Forrester: but we have met——"

"Yes," she said, with a momentary hesitation and faltering. She had so strong an impulse in her mind to turn and flee, that her amazement with herself was unbounded, and was indeed stronger than the fear.

"I hope," he said, "that nothing I have done or said has made you—afraid to meet me on this lonely road?"

This stirred up all Oona's pride and resolution. "I know no reason," she said, "why I should be afraid to meet any one, here or elsewhere."

"Ah, that is well," said the stranger; "but," he added, "let me tell you there are many reasons why a young lady so well endowed by nature as yourself might be timid of meeting a person of whom she knows nothing. Lord Erradeen, for instance, over whom you were throwing a shield of protection when I saw you last."

Oona felt her thrill of nervous disquietude give way to irritation as he spoke. She restrained with difficulty the impulse to answer hastily, and said after a moment, "I am at home here: there is no one who would venture, or who wishes, to do me harm."

"Harm!" he said; "do you think it no harm to claim your interest, and sympathy, and help, and then without a thought to hurry away?"

"I do not know who you are," said Oona, looking into his face, "that ventures to speak to me so."

"No; you don't know who I am. I am—one of his family," said the stranger. "I have his interest at

heart—and yours to a certain extent. I mean to make him rich and great, if he does as I say—but you are inciting him to rebellion. I know women, Miss Forrester. I know what it means when they foster benevolence in a young man, and accept commissions of charity.”

Oona coloured high with indignation and anger, but she was too proud to make any reply. The involuntary excitement, too, which had taken possession of her, she could not tell why, took away her breath. She was not afraid of the stranger, but it was irksome beyond description to her to see him stalk along by her side, and she quickened her pace in spite of herself. He laughed softly when he saw this. “You begin to think,” he said, “that it is not so certain you will meet with no one who can do you harm.”

“Do you mean to harm me?” she said looking more closely in his face.

“You have a fine spirit,” he replied. “What a pity then that you are harmed already, and such a vacancy left in your life.”

The girl started and her heart began to beat wildly. She began “How do you——” and then stopped short, fluttered and out of breath, not knowing what she said.

“How do I know? You have meddled in a life that does not concern you, and you will have to pay the penalty. After you have executed his commission, how blank everything will be! The past will not come back—it never comes back. You will stay on your isle, and look for him, and he will never come. The ground has gone from under your feet—you are

emptied out——” He laughed a little as he spoke, not malignantly, but as a not unfriendly eavesdropper might do who had heard some ridiculous confession. To have her own thoughts thus turned over before her filled her with strange dismay. She had no power to make any reply. Though there was no definite alarm in her mind, her panic gained upon her. She tried to say something, but the words would not come. The slight trembling which she could not conceal seemed to mollify her strange companion.

“I have no wish to hurt you,” he said, in a lofty tone. “What is done is done: but take care how you do more.”

“I will take no care,” cried Oona, with a flash of sudden power. “I will do what is right, what I think right, and if I suffer it will be at my own pleasure. What I do can be nothing to you.” As she spoke the panic which she had been struggling against overcame her powers of resistance wholly. She gathered up her dress in her hand and flew with the speed in which, for a short distance, a girl cannot be surpassed. But as she got out of the immediate oppression of this stranger’s presence, her spirit returned to her with a sense of defiance and opposition which was almost gay. She looked back, and called out to him with a voice that rang like a silver trumpet, “Good-bye—good-night!” waving her hand as she flew along. The dark figure advanced not a step further, but stood still and watched, almost invisible himself against the quickly-darkening background of the brushwood and the distance, the dim hills and gathering night.

*(To be continued.)*

## LIBEL LAW REFORM.

THERE are two means by which an individual's character may be damaged—by oral slander, and by libel. The latter consists of any writing, picture, or other sign which immediately tends to injure the reputation of a person by holding him up to contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, or to occasion public mischief, and which is published without lawful justification or excuse. Now libel—which derives its name from the *libellus*, or document in which the offensive statement is issued—is and always has been considered to be a far greater offence than verbal slander, as it is much more deliberate, malicious, and lasting, and is also notified further and wider than the latter. Hence it is that while slander is merely a civil wrong remediable only by an action for damages—unless it be blasphemous, seditious, or grossly immoral, or be uttered to a magistrate in the exercise of his office, or spoken as a challenge to fight a duel, or with the intention to provoke the other party to send a challenge—libel is both a criminal offence and a civil injury, and is punishable by fine and imprisonment in the former case, and by damages in the latter, except a few forms of libel not now usually so designated, such as defamatory statements which blacken the memory of the dead, blasphemous and seditious libels, and those which are of an obscene character tending to corrupt the public morals, which, although criminal offences, are not actionable for damages, since they are not legally deemed to be in violation of personal rights.

Notwithstanding that several legislative efforts have been made during the present century materially to repress defamatory libels, nothing of importance has been done for this purpose since the passing of Lord Campbell's

Libel Act in 1843. This being so, and the law of defamation being in a defective condition, and requiring amendment so far as it applies to newspapers, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1879 to examine witnesses upon it. The Committee took much evidence from newspaper proprietors and editors, and others well representing the interests of journalism in Great Britain and Ireland. A second Committee was appointed in 1880, but being satisfied with the evidence already given, they did not examine any more witnesses, and contented themselves with issuing a short report, in which a few of the required changes in the law are recommended.

One of its principal defects is, that a right of action should exist against newspaper proprietors for *bond fide* reports of what passes at public meetings, at the instance of persons aggrieved by them. In consequence of this injustice the newspapers often omit to publish matters that in the interests of the public ought to be published, which is in itself a great grievance.

As a general rule, it is for the benefit of the public to have a fair, true, and full report of all public meetings, subject even to the occasional hardship of the individual having to explain or contradict in the newspaper, or to suffer the consequences of publication. In Scotland not only are fair reports of public and political meetings privileged, but far greater latitude is given to the press generally than in England. Nor is the license abused, according to the statement of Mr. Leng, proprietor and editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, who said, about two years ago, that he did not recollect a single instance, during the twenty-eight years he had

lived in that part of Great Britain, in which an action had been brought against a newspaper proprietor for giving an accurate report of a public meeting. There are several meetings of a semi-public character, such as those of Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, and School Boards, which are thought by many people not to be privileged, inasmuch as so many personal remarks are made at such meetings that it is not considered for the benefit of the public that the proceedings should be published. The same view appears to be taken in the decisions given in the Court of Common Pleas and the Court of Appeal in the case of *Purcell v. Souler*, in which judgment was given against the proprietor of the *Manchester Courier* for a report of the proceedings at a meeting of the Knutsford Board of Guardians, defamatory of their medical officer. Many journalists and others, however, think that the balance of public advantage justifies such reports, even though individual character should be thus occasionally injured. The Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Law of Libel in 1880 came to the conclusion that more protection should be given to the reports of public meetings, and proposed that—

“Any report published in any newspaper of the proceedings of a public meeting should be privileged, if such meeting was lawfully convened for a lawful purpose, and was open to the public; and if such report was fair and accurate, and published without malice; and if the publication of the matter complained of was for the public benefit;” but they thought “that such protection should not be available as a defence in any proceeding if the plaintiff or prosecutor can show that the defendant has refused to insert a reasonable letter, or statement of explanation or contradiction by or on behalf of such plaintiff or prosecutor.”

This recommendation is a wise one, and a clause embodying it was inserted in Mr. Hutchinson's Newspaper Libel Law Bill, introduced into the House of Commons in 1881. Some persons think that an apology should be published instead of a statement of explanation or contradiction; but this

would be unwise, inasmuch as it would compel editors or proprietors of newspapers to say suddenly whether an alleged calumnious statement in one of such public prints was true or false, without the proper evidence to enable them to do so; and actions for libel are often brought before these gentlemen can investigate facts to enable them to come to a rational conclusion as to the truth or untruth of such statement. Again, an apology given from fear of an action for damages is of very little value to a person, and when published it is only an apology for the insertion of a defamatory statement in the paper, regardless of its truth or inaccuracy, which is of little consequence to the reading public. Newspaper proprietors also greatly object to apologising in public for assertions made at public meetings, as this act injures their independence; and actions are therefore frequently brought against them in which, though only nominal damages are awarded, they are punished with heavy costs.

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to whether the speakers of calumnious statements should be alone liable for them. Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, and Sir John Karslake were of opinion that they should be; but there is an overwhelming weight of evidence to the contrary; and this includes the recommendation of the House of Lords' Committee on the Privilege of Reports in 1857, to the effect that an alteration of the law depriving persons libelled of all remedy except against the speakers who defamed them could not safely be made. One reason mentioned in favour of this conclusion, is that the precautions taken by respectable journalists against including wanton attacks on private character in their reports of the proceedings at public meetings, might be relaxed if they were not liable to an action for libel for defamatory words spoken at these assemblies. Another reason was that even although the speaker might



not be a man of straw, nor inclined to make a speech to satisfy the malignity of another, the calumniated person might frequently be left without any remedy; inasmuch as the author of the injurious statements might have a defence personal to himself, whereby his interest in the subject-matter of his speech would give him a privileged communication protection, while the imputation might be one which would give no legal right of action unless the words containing it were printed and published.

The present law of libel is also defective in allowing the truth of the alleged defamation in all actions to be by itself a defence to it. To remedy this evil it should be satisfactorily shown to the jury that the publication of such libellous words was for the public benefit, since extremely cruel instances are on record of pleading their truth; and in his evidence before a previous Select Committee of the Lower House of Parliament on the Law of Defamation in 1843, Lord Abinger pointed out a very grievous illustration of one of such possible cases, when he said—

“Put the case of the father of a family, whose daughter may in early life have been guilty of some indiscretion; afterwards she is married, and has a family, and is respected in the world, when some ill-natured fellow, who takes offence at something that she or her husband has done, thinks fit to rake up an event which happened thirty or forty years ago, and bring it before the public without any motive, except to gratify his own malice.”

This learned judge, as well as the Committee just mentioned, were of opinion that to entitle a party against whom a libel action had been brought to a verdict in his favour, he should prove not only that the alleged calumny was true, but that it was for the public benefit to publish it—and the Committee expressed their opinion to this effect. As, however, there is a strong public opinion to the contrary, I believe it would not at the present time be advisable to change the law in this respect.

Cases have occurred in which vexa-

tious actions have been brought for true and faithful reports of proceedings at public meetings, though no actual damage has been sustained on this account. In these litigious causes, notwithstanding mere nominal damages were granted, whereby the plaintiffs did not recover costs, the defendants have been obliged to pay the whole of the costs incurred in their defence, besides suffering the annoyance of being dragged into court without just reason. Thus in 1857 the proprietor of the *Durham Advertiser* had an action against him for alleged libellous matter contained in a correct report of proceedings at a meeting of the Improvement Commissioners at West Hartlepool; and although only a farthing damages was recovered against him he had to pay his own costs, which exceeded 400*l*. The House of Lords' Committee on the Privilege of Reports, who took evidence in this case, resolved that in an action for an alleged libel, the defendant should be at liberty to plead that it was a portion of the report of the proceedings of a public meeting legally assembled for a lawful purpose, that the report was a faithful one, and that the plaintiff had suffered no actual damage by the publication of the calumny complained of; and that on this being proved a verdict should be directed to be found for the defendant. It is to be hoped that this recommendation will be given effect to by legislation, since journalists will then be considerably relieved of the grievance to which they are largely exposed, of speculative actions being brought against them by low and pettifogging solicitors.

One very important improvement urgently required in our newspaper libel law, and mentioned in Mr. Hutchinson's Libel Bill, is that in all actions for such defamation, when the jury shall award less than forty shillings damages, the plaintiff shall not be entitled to recover a greater amount of costs, unless the

judge before whom the verdict is obtained, immediately afterwards certifies that the calumny was "wilful and malicious." According to Lord Campbell's Act, in all criminal proceedings by a private prosecutor for the publication of a libel, if judgment be given against him, the person accused shall be entitled to costs from the accuser. It is reasonably thought by many persons who are familiar with libel cases, that on verdicts being found for defendants, they should recover their costs from the plaintiffs. This equitable requirement should be provided.

The leading object of Lord Campbell's Act, was to exonerate newspaper proprietors from liability for criminal prosecution for libels published in their newspapers without their consent or knowledge, an anomaly which has existed for centuries, in consequence of which they were the only class of persons regarded as legally cognisant of a criminal offence, though actually ignorant of it. This immunity has, however, been much questioned in the recent leading case of *The Queen v. Holbrook and others*. In this cause criminal proceedings were issued against the defendants in 1877 for a libellous attack in the form of a letter which appeared in the *Portsmouth Times*, of which the defendants were the proprietors, charging the prosecutor, the Clerk of the Peace of that town, with having packed a grand jury at the borough quarter sessions, for the purpose of improperly dealing with an indictment for personation at a municipal election. The Clerk of the Peace immediately afterwards called attention to this article, and demanded an apology. The defendants at once denied all knowledge of the libel before its publication, and offered their newspaper to the prosecutor for any reply he might desire to have inserted in it. This offer, however, he declined, and at once commenced criminal proceedings against them. It appears that the defendants all resided at Portsmouth,

where their paper was published, and all of them took an active part in its management; but the literary department had been intrusted by them to an editor, who published therein what articles and correspondence he thought proper. At the time the libellous article was published one of the proprietors was in Somersetshire, and neither he nor the others had given authority or consent for its publication, nor was there any evidence that any papers containing the letter were sold after it came to their knowledge. Mr., now Lord Justice Lindley, at the trial stated that as authority had been given by the defendants to the editor to edit the newspaper, and publish therein what he thought fit, there was a proved actual authority for him to do so, and therefore the jury should find them guilty of the libel. This view appears to have been shared not only by Lord Coleridge, who was consulted by the former judge on the question, but also by Justices Mellor and Grove, who had judicially to recognise this case in connection with a new trial of it; but Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and Lord Justice Lush, who directed it to be re-tried, expressed a contrary opinion. On account of the death of the prosecutor the case was never settled; and we have thus the dissatisfaction to know that our judges are divided in opinion respecting the responsibility of newspaper proprietors for libels inserted by their editors without their authority, consent, or knowledge. Statutory law is, therefore, required to confirm the decision of the last mentioned two judges on this question.

It is also considered a great hardship that newspaper proprietors should be liable to criminal prosecution for the publication of libels, and much evidence to this effect was given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1879. In Scotland and Ireland there have not been any such prosecutions for many years. But the better opinion appears to be

that it would not be safe to alter the English law in this respect; and some of the strongest reasons in support of this may be gathered from the evidence of Lord Brougham before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Law of Defamation in 1843, respecting the disadvantages of actions for libel as a remedy for calumny, evidence which has by no means lost its force:—

“Actions for damages for a libel, besides other objections . . . are unsatisfactory vindications of character from the tendency of juries to give insufficient damages under the influence of eloquent and ingenious defences, and the general directions given by judges to give temperate and moderate damages; and the value of a man's character, and the amount of injury he has sustained, is apt to be estimated by the amount of the verdict. It frequently happens that the jury will give very small damages, because the party is so far above all attack that they consider he has sustained very little injury; nevertheless, 20% for a man's character is apt by the public to be reckoned not merely the estimate of the damage he has sustained, but of the value of his character, and therefore there is a tendency in men not to bring actions.”

As proprietors, editors, and publishers of newspapers have been subjected to much grievous injustice on account of criminal prosecutions improperly commenced against them, it is rightly maintained that such proceedings should not be brought against any one responsible for the publication of a newspaper, for any libel published therein, without the consent of the Attorney-General. On the second reading of Mr. Hutchinson's Newspaper Law of Libel Bill on the 11th of May, 1881, this recommendation was disapproved of by Mr. Inderwick and Mr. Labouchere, but without giving any good reason for their objection thereto. In speaking upon the measure the Attorney-General observed that no one would be entitled to protection under the Bill unless he could show that he was discussing a public matter, and added that a *fiat* should not be issued against editors for criminal proceedings for libel until they had had an opportunity of making a statement. This suggestion is much more reasonable than that of Mr. Labou-

chere, viz., that, instead of such direction being obtained from the Attorney-General, magistrates should be empowered to deal summarily with applications made to them concerning alleged libels; and I hold this opinion because the Attorney-General, from his legal status, wide knowledge, and great experience of defamation, would be far more capable of satisfactorily deciding whether the prosecution should be taken to a jury, than a magistrate would.

Another grievous defect of the English libel law is that in these proceedings the defendant cannot offer himself as a witness, and consequently the person who thinks himself libelled, may at the trial close the mouth of the defendant; which is a very great injustice, as the defendant is probably the only individual who can substantiate his plea that the alleged calumny is true, and that it was published for the benefit of the public.

For the better discovery of persons responsible for defamatory matter published in newspapers, the Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1880, thought—

“That the name of any proprietor of a newspaper, or in the case of several persons engaged as partners in such proprietorship, the names of all such persons should be registered at the office of the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies, with full particulars of the addresses and occupations of all such persons, or of any change therein.”

The Attorney-General, on the second reading of Mr. Hutchinson's last Bill, said that, on the whole, he considered registration beneficial to the public, and not injurious to editors of newspapers; and the few observations to the contrary by Mr. Cowen and Mr. Labouchere are founded on no substantial reason, and entitled to little consideration.

It is much to be regretted that pressure of business prevented this measure from being properly discussed in the House of Lords; yet, notwithstanding this disadvantage, and the urgent protest made by Lord Redesdale against the passing of the Bill during the 1881 session, on the

ground that a proper judgment could not then be formed upon the matter, it received the Royal assent, and became law as the "Newspaper Libel and Registration Act." Now, although the statute contains some very appreciable provisions, before referred to, these are insufficient for existing requirements, while the advantage of them is in a great measure diminished by an injudicious provision giving justices of the peace jurisdiction in criminal proceedings for libel, a provision which ought not to have been embodied in the statute.

The first important provision of the new Act is that reports of the proceedings of public meetings legally convened for a lawful purpose shall be privileged, if the reports are fair and correct, and published without malice; but this protection is not to be available as a defence unless the plaintiff or prosecutor can show that the defendant has refused to publish in the newspaper containing the report a reasonable letter, statement, or contradiction, by the plaintiff or prosecutor. The next enactment is that criminal prosecutions shall not be brought against an English newspaper for libellous matter therein contained, without the consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions, or against Irish newspapers without the direction of the Attorney-General for Ireland.

Courts of summary jurisdiction are empowered to take evidence respecting libels, and to dismiss a case for defamation if they see a strong probability that the person charged would be acquitted if tried before a jury. These minor courts, if they consider a person guilty of a libel of so trivial a character that it may be adequately punished by them, shall cause the charge to be read to the defendant, and shall ask him if he consents to the case being dealt with summarily; and if he consents, the court may summarily convict him, and fine him not more than 50*l.* Precautions are taken to guard against libel prosecutions being abused by the application to them of the Vexatious Indictments Act of 1859. But

the additional powers thus given to justices of the peace will, I believe, prove unsatisfactory, since justices are often not sufficiently well qualified to form a proper judgment upon such cases.

In order to ascertain who are the proprietors of newspapers, a register is established, under the superintendence of a registrar, in which the titles and proprietors of all newspapers are required to be registered annually, under penalties for omission. Changes of proprietorship are also to be registered; and the register may be inspected and certified copies obtained of its contents, such certified copies being receivable in evidence. These provisions do not apply to newspapers incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1879; nor is the Newspaper Libel and Registration Act of 1881 to extend to Scotland.

The protest of Lord Redesdale and other peers already noticed is entered in the journals of the House of Lords. This protest states that the measure

"has never been discussed in this House, either on principle, or in regard to its details. It was brought to the House from the Commons on Monday last (August 22nd) and read a first time; was read a second time on Tuesday, though further time was asked for its consideration, the print of the Bill having only been delivered ten minutes before the House met! It was in like manner forced through Committee on Wednesday, though further time was asked to propose amendments; and read a third time and passed on Thursday in the same manner. . . . No privilege is of more importance than that the peers should be allowed sufficient time to consider and deal properly with measures of importance, for the passing of which in a proper form they are responsible to the Queen and country; and the forcing this Bill through in the manner aforesaid, without allowing time for its consideration and amendment, if necessary, in the last week of the Session is open to great objection."

These and other considerations furnish strong reasons for a further Libel Law Amendment Bill; and it is to be hoped that one supplying the defects of the 1881 statute will soon be introduced, and properly discussed in both Houses of Parliament.

JAMES NEVILLE PORTER.

## THE SIEGE OF POTCHEFSTROOM.

In December, 1880, my regiment was quartered at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal and seat of government; and at this time we were beginning to speculate on the probability of an early move towards the sea coast, to which officers and men looked forward with a degree of pleasure only known to those who had done little else but march about from place to place since our arrival in the country early in the year before.

Late in the afternoon of the 9th of December, 1880, in the course of my daily ride, I went into Government House, Pretoria, to pay a visit to Sir Owen Lanyon, the administrator, when almost the first word His Excellency addressed to me, was, "Have you seen Bellairs?" Colonel Bellairs, the present Sir William Bellairs, C.B., was then in command of the troops in the Transvaal. I had not "seen Bellairs," but presently that officer came forward, and I soon learned that I was to go to Potchefstroom at once to relieve the officer in command there, who, being the senior officer of the Royal Artillery in South Africa was required to joined the head-quarters at Pretoria.

"When will you be ready?" was the first question. Now was the long-looked-for opportunity come after many years of service, and I answered readily enough, "Within a couple of hours, if you wish it." It was settled that I was to start the next day, and I set off at once to the commissariat to make arrangements about a conveyance.

The officers of my regiment were unanimous in congratulating me on my good fortune, for a separate command does not often come in the way of us soldiers, and when it comes

is always duly appreciated. It was known that there had been a dispute about the payment of taxes, or something of the sort, and there seemed at least a chance of a break in the monotony of life at Pretoria.

Next morning I left in a buck waggon drawn by twelve mules, and did the distance, 110 miles, in forty-eight hours, over a baddish road with several rivers to cross. The first night I slept in my waggon (having "outspanned" to rest the animals), but the second was passed in my tent, which proved a great improvement on the waggon. That stirring events were on the *tapis* we had little idea; those in authority alone knew how affairs were progressing, and we soldiers were only anxious to obey orders and keep up the good name our regiment had won in the Zulu and Secocoeni campaigns. A field force consisting of two guns of the N 5 Battery, Royal Artillery, twenty-five mounted infantry of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, two companies of the same regiment, and a proportion of commissariat and medical staff were already at Potchefstroom under the command of Major Thornhill, Royal Artillery, and these I was destined to join as commander, relieving the last named officer. The strength of the force was 213 of all ranks, not including civilians. The prevailing idea of the hospitable colonists I met on the road was wonderment that I had not been stopped *en route*, as many armed parties of Boers were at the time on their way to a meeting which was being held not far off. "So they let you go!" said a man in a "spider" (American gig), "they" being an armed party that had just passed. I did not meet this party, and I saw none along the road.

I arrived in Potchefstroom early in

the afternoon of Sunday the 12th of December, 1880, and found that my arrival was unexpected, and all hands were anxious for news from Pretoria. I was expected to be the bearer of important secrets of State, to be divulged without delay for the public benefit, and great was the disappointment when I had to confess that I knew as little as they did. My first thought was to look about me and see how the camp was placed with regard to offence or defence as the case might be. A fort, thirty yards square, had been commenced, but had made little progress, and the water-furrows (channels) near could not be long held with the force at hand; so we set to work at a well, which had been commenced, and also at the fort, which was little more than a shelter trench. This work was continued with little interval on the three following days. During this time attempt was made to raise volunteers in the town, but without success, owing to the unwillingness of the inhabitants, some of them fearing to lose their Boer customers, and others having no sympathy with the British. Our camp was pitched round the entrenchment; and the horses, mules, and oxen were at some little distance.

After dinner we went down the town to the house of our kind friend the Consul-General for Portugal, where the officers of the garrison were always welcome. Friends came in, and there was much talk about the coming of the Boers, and what was going to happen.

The gentlemen were all of opinion that there would be fighting ere long, but we placed little credit on this. The ladies of the family sang to us, and we walked on the "stoup" (a sort of open verandah without roof) in the moonlight, and arranged to have a ball in two nights more in a vacant house close by. Our thoughts were, I am bound to say, a good deal directed as to how we should amuse ourselves and our fair friends at Potchefstroom; and all promised well

to our minds for a pleasant sojourn in the old capital of the Transvaal. The town covers a great deal of ground, most of the houses of the rich inhabitants standing in their own ground of about 200 yards square, and thickly studded with fruit trees. Flowers are most abundant, and hedges of cluster roses are everywhere to be seen in this, one of the most beautiful parts of the Transvaal.

On the 13th and 14th, nothing unusual was observable in the town. We went about our ordinary military duties, and in the evening some of us again went to town and spent some time with our friends, dancing, and walking on the "stoup" by turns, while the voices of others could be heard singing inside. On the 15th, the officer in command of the artillery was about to take his seat in the post cart about noon to proceed to Pretoria, when he was sent back at full gallop to warn the camp that the Boers were then entering the town, armed, and in force. In a very short time the tents were struck, horses in the ditch, guns ready for action, and the parapet manned. Garrisons were sent to the Land-roost's office and to the gaol, which places it had been decided to occupy in case of necessity. In the afternoon the family of the Consul-General for Portugal, the District Surgeon and his wife, and some others, sought refuge in the camp. We had heard that the Boers had determined to take possession of their old capital on the 16th December, "Dingaan's Day," the anniversary of their victory over the Zulu King Dingaan; and now we began to believe it. During the remainder of the 15th, the Boers contented themselves with patrolling the town, taking possession of the printing office, and stopping people in the streets; and we supposed that after issuing a proclamation, they would leave the next morning.

The military were not allowed to act in any way, so we remained in our lines getting things generally in order;



and we made good use of our time. On the morning of the 16th our position was as follows :—The enemy held the town with its lines of walls, gardens, &c., while our troops occupied the fort, the gaol, and the Landroost's office. The two guns were in shallow gun-pits about two feet deep at the north-east corner of the fort facing the cemetery. Between the fort and the gaol a distance of 360 yards was open "veldt," sloping from the former to the latter, crossed by a water furrow about 150 yards from the fort. Between the gaol and the Landroost's office, a distance of about 400 yards, the space was intersected by garden walls and hedgerows. The gaol itself was a square building with walls twenty feet high, standing in comparatively open ground. The Landroost's office on the contrary was surrounded by walls and houses with thatched roofs. In position the enemy therefore had every advantage.

The troops had still no authority to act, and we wondered what was to come next. About 9 a.m. as we were breakfasting with our guests in little groups outside the fort, a mounted party of about ten Boers, with their rifles at the "carry," came slowly riding past us at about 150 yards distance with the evident intention of surveying our proceedings. This was going a bit too far; so a few mounted infantry, who were ready with their horses saddled, were sent to inform them that a patrol was not permitted so close to our camp, and to inquire their business. On seeing the mounted infantry approach the Boers turned their horses heads towards the town and rode away at a trot.

The mounted infantry followed as far as the first road which enters the town, when suddenly they were fired upon from behind a wall close by. About a dozen shots were fired when immediately the officer commanding the mounted infantry dismounted some of his men and returned the fire, with the result of severely wounding one of the enemy's patrol. The retire was

immediately sounded, as our party were getting into an ambuscade, and we got within our entrenchment; the two nine-pounder guns were hastily surrounded with a few mealie sacks, and a few of the same were placed round the ditch to protect the horses. The ladies were protected in the same manner, and we waited the next turn in events.

We were not kept long in suspense, for shortly afterwards the Boers entered the market square in force and were fired upon by the garrison of the Landroost's office, which was situated in the square.

The attack now became general; the enemy opening fire from their line of walls, and throwing out a right and left attack on our position. The head of the right attack got behind the wall of the cemetery, but was soon driven back by the fire of the two guns, and these also broke the advance of the main body which fled towards the north end of the town. Quickly we went to work; and, with the gaol, which was about half-way between the fort and the Landroost's office, were soon hotly engaged with the rebels who occupied the neighbouring houses and gardens. They came out well into the open and attacked the fort; but our fire was too much for them, and after about twenty minutes they retired repulsed on all sides, having lost a good number of men and horses. Cronjé, their leader, who we were afterwards informed had two horses killed under him, was subsequently well known to us as General Cronjé, commanding the Burgher forces, Potchefstroom Division.

Divided counsels evidently prevailed in the enemy's ranks, for had they attacked with anything like determination we should have had our work cut out for us. The guns being almost entirely in the open, had a specially hot time of it; but such soldiers as those of the N 5 Royal Artillery to all appearance cared little for bullets, and only made an inward vow not to be made targets of again if pick

and spade could prevent it. The strength of the enemy on this occasion was about 800 mounted men; afterwards, on the 1st of January, their numbers increased to about 1,400, and towards the end, when re-enforcements were sent to Laing's Neck, they never fell below 400. They were exceedingly well armed, generally with the best Westley Richards rifles (the favourite arm amongst the Boers); many had double express rifles, and a few carried explosive bullets, about the using of which frequent protest was made without effect. One of our men had the flesh blown from his arm by one of these shells, and their explosion was frequently heard at night. During the greater part of this, the first day of active hostilities, heavy firing was going on throughout the position generally; and we worked all day and night, and for many nights after, in strengthening our defences. In the end the fort became a really strong work, as indeed the searching and accurate character of the enemy's fire required it to be. On the night of the 16th, twenty-one women and children and five men came and asked for protection, and this was given them. Every night during the whole siege of ninety-five days, we worked at the parapet, as the heavy rain often brought down the work of the day before. Sand bags got rotten, and the enemy's fire combined with this sometimes brought them down by the run, and we had to wait for dark before the damage could be repaired.

During the early part of the siege, while the parapet was still low, moving about was anything but pleasant, and the artillery were fully employed in clearing the enemy out of the trees with shrapnel, and from the house-tops, where they tried to establish themselves. On the 17th firing was going on from all the positions most of the day. On the morning of the 18th communication, which had been established with the Landroost's office by signallers, was stopped, and we got no news of what was going on. About

10 a.m., to the surprise of every one, the Union Jack was seen to be hauled down from the top of the Landroost's office, and a white flag appeared in its place. Many were the speculations as to the cause—few guessed the real one; viz., that the officer in command had been forced to surrender. A letter brought by a flag of truce told us the sad news that the garrison had surrendered unconditionally to the enemy; the position, never a good one, having become untenable. We had learned before this by flag signal that the captain in command had been killed and some others wounded; and we sympathised much with the officer left in command, in being compelled to give up the post which he had so well defended. We replied that the surrender of the Landroost's office did not concern the other positions held by Her Majesty's troops, and arranged a truce until 4 p.m. for the carrying out of the retirement from the place. During this time we worked like fiends in strengthening our fort; and well it was that we did so, for shortly before the hour named the enemy opened a tremendous fire while the white flag was still flying, with the result of severely wounding one of our men at the gaol. This act of treachery on the part of the enemy had no excuse, and had a bad effect on our men. It was now decided to abandon the gaol, and the officer in command there received orders during the afternoon, by flag signal, to retire on a given signal. This was displayed after dark, and the garrison retired noiselessly in skirmishing order, carrying their wounded in stretchers made with rifles. The enemy must have been engaged in drinking schnapps, for it is very strange that our men were not observed, though the place was closely invested on three sides. The casualties at the gaol were one man killed and two wounded. We were glad to see our comrades back again, as they had a bad time of it, and we knew the place could not have been held much longer. The upper walls were made of sun-dried bricks,

through which the bullets of the enemy penetrated with ease; and the lower loop-holes could hardly be used with effect since the Boers fired with the greatest accuracy through them at very short range. Our water supply now became a source of considerable anxiety. We suffered greatly from want of water at this time, especially the private soldiers, who, being hard worked, required it most. Three pints a day, for all purposes, was the allowance; and only those who have been reduced to this quantity can realise how little this is for men who were working hard day and night. As I said before we had commenced digging a well, and none of us will ever forget how anxiously we watched the work as it progressed. We sunk to a depth of thirty feet, sixteen feet of it through solid rock, and yet the yield was absolutely nothing—only a nine gallon cask each night, and this half mud. For three nights we managed to water our horses and mules, and fill our water carts, by sending them above the junction of the water furrow, which had been cut off by the enemy a day or so before. Our procedure was something like the following:—The water carts started from the rear of the fort after dark, attended by a small escort, the twenty-five mounted infantry and thirty infantry went as a covering party on the flanks and rear, the remainder of the garrison stood every man in his place on the parapet, and the artillery at their guns. On the return of the water carts the horses went out, about one-third of them at a time. Some of the horses we watered at the water furrow before it was cut off, but on each occasion we lost some of them and had also men wounded. It will be understood that at this time the place was not closely invested. It was an anxious time while these watering parties were away at a distance of 1,200 yards; and as the operation had to be repeated several times, it took the greater part of the night. The rumbling of the water-

carts could be plainly heard by us on the parapet, and by the enemy also, no doubt; and it seemed strange to us that they did not seize the water at the fountain head, which they could easily have done. It soon became apparent that this operation could be no longer performed, as the enemy were seen by us going in the direction of the water, and it became a question whether the horses and mules could be kept. On the 19th December the animals had been without water for forty-eight hours, and the supply for the troops was nearly gone. Shortly after dark a storm came on, and sufficient water was caught to supply men and animals until the 21st. On this day the well still showed no signs of yielding a sufficient supply, the horses and mules had been thirty-six hours without water, and evidently could not hold out much longer. They were therefore turned adrift; and, as they galloped off to the water, were driven away by the enemy. There were seventy-six horses (very many of them magnificent black Australians) and one hundred and twenty-one mules. We kept a mare, the property of one of the officers, and she survived the whole of the siege, although twice wounded.

On the afternoon of the 21st it again rained heavily, and enough water was caught to last another three days. The original well still showed no signs of yielding water, so a second was started, which proved more successful. Good water was found at a depth of fifteen feet, and thus our greatest necessity was secured. The old well was therefore abandoned. I have dwelt thus long on the question of water as it was everything to us—on it depended our existence.

Very many of our horses and mules were killed, and it was a very painful sight to see the poor animals suffer. Always at night we had to drag the carcasses to a distance, and this alone entailed great labour and loss on some occasions. On the 29th December a

flag of truce appeared, and the bearer handed to our messenger a printed paper containing a proclamation of the Transvaal Republic. On these occasions our messenger generally returned with a pipe in his mouth, and was the object of envy to his comrades. I must say, however, he would always give a comrade a piece of tobacco on his return. A soldier does not often forget to share with a comrade; and the serjeant who always went, being a favourite with the Boers, generally got some tobacco given him. He was one of my most trusted men, and exerted himself to the utmost in keeping the young hands in good-humour—singing continually such songs as soldiers like at all times, and particularly on the wettest and most unpromising days.

On the 1st of January, 1881, at daylight, the enemy commenced a fierce attack on our position, bringing into action a ship's gun throwing a leaden ball of about 5 lbs. weight—and with this they pounded us merrily until silenced by our nine-pounders. The fire on this morning was terrific, and delivered from loop-holed walls, trees, and house-tops; so that it could only be silenced in detail by artillery fire. The garrison were kept under cover for upwards of an hour and a half. While this went on every man sat at his post, rifle in hand, singing part-songs to while away the time, while the ladies joined in the refrain. The bugles assisted in this; and the men were much amused at the vigour of the enemy, while we replied not a shot, waiting for the rush on the fort which was every moment looked for. When the commotion ceased our time came; and we "let them have it," but the uselessness of this soon became apparent, so we sounded the breakfast bugle and the duel came to an end. Our loss on this occasion was not great, but every now and then one of our comrades fell, shot through a chink in the sand bags.

The loss of one of our number was, in truth, only to be compared to

that of a personal friend. I venture to say that on few occasions in the history of the British army have officers and their men been more closely associated than during this siege; officers came to know their men, men came to know their officers, and each learned to put their trust in the other and to work together. A good feeling was observable always, and we thought ourselves hard to beat; which I hope we should have been had the Boers ever ventured to rush the fort.

This would have been an easy task, for the grass stood the height of a field of corn all round us, and they could have come very close without being seen. Many times we tried all we knew to burn it, but without effect, as it was green the whole time. Cronjé told me afterwards that, had he known what the fort was like, he would have stormed it. The truth of the matter was the fort was very much stronger than he thought it was, as we worked day and night the whole time in making it so. The plan was to get 2,000 Caffres to come straight at us, and then the Boers were to come on when we were exhausted, or very few of us left. This is the story we were told, and we have no reason to disbelieve it.

At that time the Caffre chiefs were too loyal to fight against us; now we must only *hope* that they are so. One Caffre chief sent to me to say he was coming with 3,000 men to relieve me, but his message only arrived after the capitulation.

It may be interesting to learn something of our daily routine of duty. At about 7 a.m. all breakfasted; we in our little mess place, and the men sitting about anywhere that they could find room; then the *terre-plein* of the fort was swept, or scraped with spades in wet weather, and the draining of the place looked to.

On a report being made, I went round and had a general look at affairs; the work executed by the enemy during the night was discussed,

and our work for the day settled upon. This, of course, greatly depended on what the rebels had been doing during the night, as we were pretty nearly surrounded by their works, and they were continually at something new. The doctor attended to the sick and wounded, and the commissariat officer went about his duties. Previously to this every man stood his rifle and ammunition against his place on the parapet, and then the men off duty were generally free to look after their own affairs. All then soon settled down into general quietness, unless anything happened to prevent it, which was too often the case. A certain number of men were told off daily to keep down the fire of the enemy, and they soon acquired great accuracy of shooting, the ranges having all been taken previously to the investment. About 5 p.m. the guards mounted, and night sentries were placed at dark, after which not a word was spoken above a whisper nor a light allowed, except on very urgent occasions when required by the doctor.

Once an amputation had to be performed at night, and the scene will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was pitch dark, and silence reigned as usual in our little company when the doctor began his share of the night's work, which of course required a light. This made visible to the enemy the upper part of the tent, and as a matter of course, they directed their fire on it. The operation to be performed was the taking off an arm above the elbow. Bullets were whizzing through the tent top while the patient, who by the way was my servant, lay on the amputating table; and the operation was successfully performed under chloroform, strange to say, without any one being hit. Glad we all were when the man recovered, for he was a great favourite. He is now a pensioner, and I hope honoured in his native town as he should be, for he is a very gallant young fellow, having

No. 282.—VOL. XLIX.

sent in his name every time volunteers were called for during the siege.

One of our chief industries was the making of sand-bags, in the manufacture of which we cut up every tent, and indeed everything else that was possible to convert to such use. The wounded and the convalescent were chiefly employed in this work, and they were presided over by an Irish serjeant, who was indefatigable in this one of our chief requirements. Many thousands of bags were made, but we were sometimes at our wits' end to know how to get enough of them. I never entered into the subject of how they were to be made, but just ordered a certain number to be ready by night, and they were there in rows ready to be counted as sure as night came. It was like counting 'the game after a *battue*, and much more interesting.

About an hour before dark the ladies and we dined; and we would then sit a while discussing our day's work (in whispers, be it remembered), and often talking of the army that was coming to relieve us and scatter the Boers to the four winds. Alas, this was destined never to come off, but lucky it was for us that we firmly believed it always, until the end, when we were roughly and suddenly undeceived. Soon after, the ladies would get up to retire, and then there was saying good-night—often unnecessarily prolonged, I believe, but still, as an Irish member of our band would have said, "in perfect silence." If any of my readers happen to be of the fair sex they will understand how much assistance they would require in getting through a hole about two feet high and one-and-a-half feet broad, and, I believe, some of the younger members of our flock were impressed with the belief that some of our charges were suffering from lameness from the amount of care with which they helped them into the "stronghold," as the soldiers named their apartment.

To have gone over the top of this would have been dangerous, as the

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bullets struck the tops of the bags continually. The ulsters of some of the ladies showed many bullet-holes from having been left on the top of the wall of their apartment, which was only five feet high.

On dark nights a few sentries were placed outside in pits dug for the purpose, and sandbags were placed round to make the shelter better. The pits were approached by a small zigzag trench; but on moonlight nights these outlying sentries were withdrawn, and we trusted to those on the parapet. At guard-mounting the officers for night watch were told off for two hours' duty at a time. These officers always remained in the centre of the fort (there was a chair of state for the officer of the watch, and the ground for the orderly bugler) and had sole charge of the ship for the time being; all others slept peacefully except the sentries, while the enemy kept up a pretty steady fire all night long.

The writer of this usually kept watch from 2 to 4 a.m.; and at the latter hour, and sometimes earlier, we fell into our places and remained until daylight, when all went to sleep again until about 6.30 a.m. The cooks lit their fires at daylight and prepared breakfast.

A party was told off nightly to work at the parapet; the native drivers and leaders baled the water out of the ditch, as this on two sides could never be drained, and the stench was now and then indescribably awful. But, luckily, the wonderful climate we were in, and the fresh open-air life we led, I suppose, neutralised the effect of this poison, and we suffered less from sickness than might have been expected. We were a very merry and happy party, all hands working willingly and cheerfully to one end, and no doubt this too had its effect.

Most of us were very sick, however, and for long times; but still they did their work, though hardly able to walk, and troubled as little as

possible our kind doctor, who himself was not always as fit as might be. Now and then thoughts of home and of the loved ones there would come over us, and we knew that our case was better than theirs; but these were so often rudely dispelled by the work in hand that they seldom lasted long. Occasionally we had an artillery duel in the middle of the night, and then would come the musketry until both sides were tired with this interruption of their repose. Once, and once only, was the alarm sounded without cause during the night, and on this occasion every man was in his place on the parapet before the bugle had finished sounding. The men were then told that this would not be done again for practice, and praise for their smartness in turning out was not withheld. Every man slept with his rifle and ammunition at his right hand, and each night the officer on duty went round to see that this was done.

On the night of the 3rd of January we occupied a small magazine as an outpost, and held it until the end of the siege. It was situated 200 yards from the fort, in a good position for adding to our defence, and the enemy never relaxed in their endeavours to take it, having, at the last, succeeded in sapping up to within eighty yards of the building, and erecting there a large and well-constructed work which completely commanded it, and on which our artillery fire had no effect. Many times they pounded this magazine with their gun, and pierced the wall and roof, so we built an earth-work communicating with it, and into this the garrison went when necessary. The enemy, having practically unlimited command of labour, sapped round us in all directions, keeping us fully employed in deflading our works.

Our ladies, as we called them, were a great care to us. Suffice it to say, that their behaviour in danger and privation was admirable, and not to be surpassed. Never could I have believed that tender women could have done as they did. They came into the



fort with only what they stood in, and, of course, suffered unheard-of hardships. A shelter of mealie sacks about nine feet square and five feet in height was made for them, in which was a small hole at the bottom to creep through; and in this they lived for upwards of three months, never coming out without permission being first obtained, and then only into a small shelter adjoining, in which we had our meals. Here we were comparatively safe from bullets, although they occasionally came in; but, when the rebels got their gun to work in rear of our position and took our front parapet in reverse, we had to take down the "stronghold," and I began to wonder what next to do for the safety of our charges. The sacks would have been no protection against round shot; and so, when the gun was in action, we placed the ladies in a dug-out hole, and at night (when it never fired), they slept in a tent. This tent was riddled with bullet-holes, and so they got terribly wet—this was the case anywhere, however. The stronghold had a waggon sail roof propped up on a couple of tent poles; but this soon got so full of bullet-holes that, when it rained, the water entered in torrents and drenched everything within. When this happened at night, the occupants had to get up and huddle into a corner, cover themselves with a bit of canvas to keep their clothes dry, and so wait until daylight.

It happened that we were on the sky-line, and, consequently, visible on all but the very darkest nights; so all night long the bullets would tear through the roof of the ladies' lodging, sending, often, splinters of the tent-pole over them, but never a word of complaint was made. They seemed always to have the most perfect confidence in their defenders.

The blow came at last, however. One died, a young wife stricken with typhoid fever, and things wore a different aspect in the fort that day. All, to the youngest drummer, were sorrowful; rough men seemed sub-

dued at the loss of this bright young face from our midst. We signalled to the enemy and asked that a coffin might be made in the town, and the next morning one came filled with the most lovely flowers; these were the gifts of relatives who obtained permission of the authorities to send them. Some wreaths of stephanotis, and other flowers, were there also, and these we placed on the coffin before lowering it into the grave. A black dress for the mother, and some ribbons of the same colour for the sisters, were to have been sent also, but these were thrown aside by our antagonists, and not allowed to reach us. The interment took place almost immediately, in full view of the enemy, a truce for one hour having been arranged for the purpose.

Our watches were not in the best order, and probably none of us looked at them; for while filling in the grave a round shot reminded us that time was up. We were inside our entrenchment quickly enough and our guns in action, forgetting for a moment the work on which we had been engaged. Thus it was with us always—thought was set aside, and it was well that it was so. So ended one of the saddest incidents of the siege.

Once only was one of the ladies wounded, and this happened towards the end when want of exercise was telling sadly on them. Our doctor had been continually impressing on me the necessity of their taking exercise; and so after much solicitation, and much doubt as to the result, I gave them leave to walk with their father one afternoon when there was less firing than usual. Hardly had they gone out of our mess place when I heard a scream at my elbow, and there was one of the youngest girls lying on the ground. I thought she was killed; but on examination the wound proved slight, and in a few days it was healed. The bullet struck the back of her neck and just missed the spine. After this the wish for a constitutional was not so general.

On the 7th of January we had a night adventure. The enemy had been working hard for some nights behind the cemetery wall, 360 yards distant, and we wished to find out what they were after. Volunteers as usual were plentiful. An officer and six men were chosen to go and have a look at the Boers at close quarters, and a hazardous business we all knew it was likely to be. The cemetery was a large inclosure, some 300 yards square or more; we knew it was always occupied at night behind the wall on the near side, and on the far side there lay a large covering party.

The night was pitch dark and perfectly still when the small party set off by a circuitous route on their voyage of discovery, and we in the fort stood every man ready to cover the retirement of our comrades. They were a long time getting there, and we were beginning to wonder what had become of them, when suddenly we heard our men fire a volley; then came the sounds of a revolver, and then two more volleys. Then there was a considerable commotion in which we joined, for we knew our party were retiring, and it was long before we were on anything like friendly terms again, for I believe the enemy thought we were most of us out there. They certainly showed us they had no lack of ammunition, and it was pretty hot for a time. In the midst of it all our party returned unhurt. They had crept up to the wall unseen, and at five yards distance had fired three volleys into the enemy, who were working at a trench with their rifles lying near, and we suppose they could not find them in the dark. The situation was not altogether an enviable one for the enemy, and we guessed they would keep a better lookout next time.

On the 16th of January a letter reached us by a flag of truce from the husband of one of our lady refugees, who had managed to get into the town from his farm in the

country, and the lady was allowed to leave and join her husband. Later on this would not have been permitted by the Boers; for towards the end of the siege I asked for the ladies to be allowed to go and it was refused, as they knew we were short of provisions. Such is war sometimes, but the fact was that our enemies were content to starve us out. I was one who always said they would never attempt to storm the fort, and it turned out that I was right. Numbers, of course, would have done it easily, and many of us wondered that they never made the attempt.

By the same messenger who carried the flag of truce came a letter in telegraphic cipher, purporting to be from Colonel Bellairs, commanding the troops in the Transvaal, and informing us that he had come to our relief, and would be with us next morning. We were to go out on a given signal, a great fight was to take place, and the Boers were to be driven away. The trick was a clumsy one, and we paid no attention to it. The signal failed or we never saw it; but sure enough next morning, in a drenching rain, we heard heavy firing in a wood about a mile off, and the cannon also was heard. The enemy got their morning's amusement for nothing; and they must have had some trouble in drying themselves, for the rain could not well have been heavier.

We saw them coming home, some of them got up in red coats for our benefit, so we gave them a shell which made them move a little faster. This precious document, I was told, was concocted at Heidelberg; but it did little credit to the authors.

On the 22nd of January a trench, which the enemy had opened 220 yards in our rear, threatened to become troublesome, and I determined to take it. Volunteers were called for, and I selected one officer, one sergeant, and ten men to storm the trench. This they did in the most dashing manner in broad daylight, across the open veldt. Three men

fell before they had left the fort a few yards, and one of these died of his wound a few days after.

There were eighteen Boers in this trench; we saw three of them escape, four were taken prisoners—two being unable to move from wounds, and we saw eleven fall of those who were running away. Our party were under a tremendous cross fire both coming and going, which we kept down as much as possible with every rifle we could muster. We succeeded in exchanging the four Boers for four of our own men who had been taken prisoners at the Landroost's office on December 18th. Directly our party got back a man appeared carrying a huge Geneva cross flag, and this proved to be a doctor, who was sent to attend the wounded. We hoisted the white flag, and he came up looking anything but happy, as he had been in fear of his life all the way out lest we might fire on him. We sat down under a waggon outside the fort and had a pleasant chat while our doctor attended to his wounded. He was an old acquaintance to some of us who had been at Standerton, from which place he had been summoned to attend the wounded in Potchefstroom. He presented me with a handsome pipe, and we smoked while we talked, for the first time for over a month. For this, we afterwards learned, he was put in irons by the Boer commander. On coming out of the fort two months later he showed us that we had shot off one of his fingers, and this we regretted as he was not fighting against us. We lent the enemy stretchers to take away their wounded, and next morning these were returned with fruit for our wounded, and also some carbolic acid which our doctor had asked for. We thanked the Boer commander for his thought of our wounded, and so this affair ended.

Civilities like these take the sting off warfare, and I must say for the Boers that they were never behind-hand in such things. They are a fine,

manly, sturdy race, such as I should like to live among. Who can blame them for fighting for their independence?—we at least did not do so.

About this time we began to think of the coming of a relief column. Each made his calculations as to the time of its probable arrival, and need I say how widely these differed? There was one point on which all agreed, and that was in trust and belief in Sir George Pomeroy Colley, who we knew would strain every nerve to reach us. There was something about Sir George that inspired soldiers, and those of us who knew him had caught the contagion. His was a courteous, soldierly manner, that would have gone a long way with a people like the Boers. Great was our grief when afterwards we heard of the death of this distinguished officer; and such of us as had dear ones at home did not forget those he had left, and who had, to temper their grief, only the remembrance of how nobly he fell.

A look-out party had been organised under an officer. All the hill-tops within view were watched day and night for signals, and measures were taken for answering any that might be made. A heliograph was constructed out of a looking-glass, and kept always ready. One night just as I was turning in, a look-out man called me. Rockets were seen on the top of the Swartz Kop, and the relieving column was on the road, and would be with us in two days. All turned out to see the welcome sight—ladies in ulsters, and wounded from their beds; but they might better have slept. Those signals certainly looked like rockets, and for a time we were deceived.

Some of us dreamt that night that they heard the bagpipes coming down the Heidelberg road to the tune of "The Campbells are coming." Next morning looking over the parapet was as hazardous as ever, and a helmet on the top of a bayonet quickly reminded us that "discretion is the better part of valour." For us such disappoint-

ment as this did not signify, but for our poor wounded soldiers it was different. They could only lie on their beds and wonder who would be the next to join them.

On the 23rd of January about thirty of the mule and ox drivers left the fort at night by their own desire, and we were glad of this relief to our commissariat. Some of these poor fellows were shot by the Boers in escaping, and a very few came back, unable to get away.

On the 4th of February a flag of truce brought us a copy of the *Staats Courant* (Transvaal Government Gazette) of the 2nd of February, containing an account of the action fought near the Ingogo by the troops under the command of Sir George Colley, and this certainly did not tend to raise our hopes of immediate relief. This was of course sent to discourage us by our adversaries, who at this time expected our capitulation daily. We sent a message to the Boer commander that we should be pleased to receive the paper regularly, but I am afraid he thought we were poking fun at him. On these occasions of a flag of truce the Boers never allowed their messenger to remain more than a few seconds—just time to hand in the letter and go away.

Our serjeant, the one invariably selected, a good deal of a wag, generally managed to have a word or two, and something like the following would pass:—

*Boer.* "When are you coming out?"

*Serjeant.* "Oh, never! we like it so much. We have plenty to eat and drink. When are you coming to take the fort?"

*Boer.* "When our best men come we are going to rush the fort. General Colley is not coming."

*Serjeant.* "Good-bye, thanks for the tobacco."

*Boer.* "Good-bye."

He would come back looking the picture of good humour, and the soldiers would gather round to hear the latest from the town.

In the fort, which by this time was about twenty-five yards square, were five bell tents for the sick, one for the surgery, and the commissariat marquee; and these were dug out to a depth of about eighteen inches. All the rest of the garrison were in the open. In the bottom of one of these tents a round shot smashed the thigh of one poor fellow who was lying wounded, and shattered the arm of another. The latter was the man the amputation of whose arm I described before. I mention this to show how the round shot found its way into apparently impossible places. Five tents were not enough for the sick, and it was necessary to put up infectious cases elsewhere. To accomplish this we had to dig holes in the outside wall of the ditch, and there put the worst cases. A brother of one of the ladies died of typhoid fever, and it was sad to see the sister sitting all night in this hole watching her dying brother. We did all we could for them, but that was little enough.

After the first few Sundays, at least during the daytime, little shooting went on, and by mutual consent we left each other alone. I always read the Church of England service myself in our little mess, while captains of companies read morning prayers to their men along the parapet. Our commissariat officer, who had been one of the brave defenders of Rorke's Drift, read the Roman Catholic service to the men of that Church. That we had a few sympathisers in the town was evident; for on Sunday afternoons we often saw a whole family come out from behind a wall and wave their handkerchiefs to us; and this we took to be a friendly greeting. We could hear the singing in the Dutch churches in the town on Sundays; and in the trenches the Boers used to collect on Sunday nights and sing psalms for an hour or so, sure of being undisturbed, as they always were.

We sent a number of messages away during our captivity, but to only one did we receive an answer. This was

the letter I sent to Colonel Bellairs on the 16th December, and to which the answer came about six weeks later telling us of the disaster at Bronkir's Spruit. These messages were taken by Caffres who crept out after dark, and what became of them we never knew. Twice only did an European succeed in getting away; on the first occasion he returned half starved, having been unable to cross the Vaal, twelve miles off; and on the second two brothers Nelson succeeded in reaching the head-quarters of Sir Evelyn Wood, at Newcastle in Natal. These gentlemen swam the Vaal near De Wet's Drift, and reached Newcastle through the Orange Free State by way of Kronstadt and Harrismith. We knew nothing the whole time of what was going on outside, and often wondered what our friends would think of our silence. On reaching Ladysmith on the 2nd of May, we found two sacks full of letters awaiting us. I myself received thirteen letters from my home in the north, not to mention many others.

For food we were badly off the whole time. All our cattle were lost on the 17th December; we had no fresh meat the whole of the time, except nine cows, which we captured during the first few days; and were so closely invested that not an ounce of food was got into the fort during the siege. On Christmas Day we were going to have roast horse instead of roast beef for dinner; but it turned bad; and at the last moment had to be rejected by our *chef*, and we contented ourselves with something less succulent. We went on reduced rations on the 19th of December, and further reductions were made from time to time.

On the 11th of January we began to issue half a pound of mealies (Indian corn) three times a week in lieu of the same quantity of biscuits, and on the 22nd of January this was made a daily issue. These mealies were the food of the horses and mules that we were consuming. On the

15th of March we were reduced to one pound of mealies and half a pound Caffre corn (millet) daily, with a quarter of a pound of preserved meat on alternate days, and nothing else whatever.

Tea, coffee, sugar, salt, rice, biscuits, and indeed everything else was exhausted long before. All were weak from having to work hard on this kind of food, but health was fairly preserved notwithstanding. The mealies and Caffre corn were pounded by the men, and when boiled proved wholesome and comparatively nutritious. The husk, however, was only partially got rid of, and this made the men ill. Dysentery and diarrhoea were always prevalent, and none escaped either one or the other. Towards the end there was a good deal of enteric fever, and a few cases of scurvy.

When our beef-tea was finished, we made a substitute from preserved Australian beef, but it gave little nourishment. To keep off scurvy the men were ordered to boil grass and young mealie stalks in their food, and this was undoubtedly very beneficial.

Our wood came entirely to an end on the 15th of January, and we then began burning our waggons. But for this we should have been in a bad way. We burnt the whole of the waggons except five, which were used as traverses inside the fort, but were able to keep the ambulance waggons, water carts, and ammunition carts. These would have gone had we remained longer.

All tents, tarpaulins, and everything else we could lay our hands on was cut up to make sand-bags; a few pieces only being reserved to cover us on rainy nights. With this exception, all hands were in the open, day and night, during the hottest rainy season of the year. After the first few days we had no tobacco, and many men smoked tea leaves, coffee grounds, and mealie leaves. A smoking mixture composed of the two former was quite the rage at one time. We had a few gallons

of rum, which was served out in wet weather on five or six occasions; but our drink was water, of which we had plenty when our well got into working order.

On the 20th of March we had only the following left: nothing else, of any kind that was eatable, being in the place:—

	lbs.	} All damaged, having been three months in the parapet.
Mealies (whole) . . . . .	1,600	
Kafir corn (whole) . . . . .	5,006	} This had been reserved for the sick.
Preserved meat . . . . .	24	
Rice . . . . .	16	
Erbswurst, 40 rations.		

The silence at night, coming as it did so soon after dark, was often irksome, especially as we had not much in the shape of diversion. One of my officers, a lieutenant of artillery, seemed to feel this unaccustomed quietude, for he would come to me sometimes and say, "Would you allow me just to give a screech?" "Yes," I would say, "but first tell all the sentries, or they might take a fancy to shooting you." This done, he would get on the top of the parapet and commence a series of most unearthly yells. The Boers, not understanding this performance, would open fire promptly; but he was down in no time, and feeling all the better for the exertion. Occasionally, the men would put a lantern on top of a pole at night, and this always raised a commotion in the enemy's lines, for they would fire incessantly at it. At night we communicated with the magazine by lanterns, and very useful this kind of signalling was found.

Amongst our many requirements was a Union Jack. One was made in the gun pits by the men of the Royal Artillery; they were allowed to retain it, and it is now in the possession of the N Battery, Fourth Brigade Royal Artillery. It was made from coat linings, and has a good number of bullet holes to show. It displayed its folds for exactly two months on our parapet, a visible sign that the small garrison had yet some life left, and could still do something for the

honour of their Queen and of the army to which they were proud to belong. I am proud to say that Her Most Gracious Majesty has lately been pleased to inspect this flag at Windsor.

After dark on the 8th of March I was informed that a Dutchman had been captured, and wanted to see me. I was taken to a lonely part of our magazine sap, and there sure enough was our friend; or rather spy as I took him to be, and have always thought him. We were left alone in the darkness, and the man began his tale, of which I could make nothing, as he trembled so that he could hardly speak.

Perhaps he had heard something of the ferocity of the "Rooi Badges," or Red Coats, as the Boers called us; and expected nothing less than instant annihilation. I thought we were quite alone, but soon found my officers deemed that a little company might be desirable; for, thinking I heard a movement behind me, I looked round, and there was a soldier with his bayonet within an inch of the back of the man's neck. This finished matters, for he could not speak at all now; so thinking, I suppose, deeds were better than words, he stood up and showed that he was tobacco all over, literally from head to foot. The soldier dropped his bayonet now, and we two unrolled the Dutchman, making him turn round until he was quite giddy, and in less than no time we were weighing out the precious weed and distributing it all round. By way of reward for this thought of our wants, we handcuffed him there and then, and chained him to the wheel of a waggon for the night, and there he remained always, except in the day, when he had more liberty. A glass of Hennessy's "Three Star" from the hospital stores, soon unloosened his tongue, he was handed over to one of our refugees, and the number of questions he had to answer was appalling. He told us many things that turned out true afterwards; and amongst others, of the



intended attack which took place two days afterwards.

Well, on the morning of the 10th, sure enough the enemy commenced a general attack, which lasted with slight interval until sunset. Their gun, which was placed 600 yards from our rear face, was well protected by sand bags and bales of wool, and supported by the fire of about seventy riflemen in shelter pits on each side of it.

The gun fired on this day eighty-three rounds, of which about forty struck our small work, scattering things in all directions and making matters generally unpleasant.

We placed the ladies in the commissariat marquee, the floor of which was deeply dug out on one side, and there they remained until near evening. Our men for a long time amused themselves by signalling the shots of the gun, for the want of something better to do; but the fire that they drew caused this to be stopped, much to the disappointment of some. I don't know what the enemy could have thought of this frolicsome behaviour, but anything like amusement was welcome.

The next morning the same thing was renewed, but with more men supporting the gun, and on this day it fired forty-seven rounds, of which about twenty-five struck the fort. The rifle fire this day was very trying, coming as it did by volleys from all four sides at uncertain intervals, not to speak of a dropping fire going on all day from the trenches. These volleys must have been regulated by signal, or the enemy themselves would have suffered. The wonder is that it did not wind up by a rush on our position. Our casualties on these two days were not very heavy when the tremendous fire is considered.

Towards evening, when we thought the day's work was over, we sat down to dinner in our usual mess place. Hardly had we sat down when a round shot came in amongst us and covered the party with earth. For a few

minutes we thought, "now they are coming," and the men went to their places.

We soon sat down again, thinking this was the last for the night, and just as we had done so, another round shot came and missed one of the ladies by only about a foot; this was the last for the day.

We made it very hot for the enemy that night as they were going home, just by way of saying good-night.

On the 17th of March, finding things coming to a crisis, I determined to send our spy into town, and offered him 100*l.* to go there and bring me the latest news. He got there, no one can tell how, and at daybreak the next morning, the 18th of March, his wife gave the preconcerted signal to let us know of his arrival. His house was on the outskirts of the town within view, and he had pointed it out to us before he left. That night he returned, and his news made it clear that the game was up. We had a consultation of course, and there was but one opinion as to the line to be taken. We had nothing more to eat, and our sick were dying from want of proper nourishment. Late that night I wrote a letter to the Boer commander, proposing a meeting, and sent the letter off at sunrise the next morning, the 19th, by a flag of truce, in the usual manner. After some delay and a couple of letters on both sides, a meeting was arranged to take place the same day at noon. Some time before the hour appointed up went a white flag, and we hoisted another in return.

Presently some mounted men appeared (for a Boer rarely walks), and along with them a Scotch cart. We watched this latter being unloaded, and spied amongst the contents a hamper. What feelings did not that hamper give rise to? I know some of us had visions of "French," as they call all but Cape brandy in these parts; and perhaps the thoughts of others might have been directed to "square face," as they call Hollands. As it turned

out afterwards, both of these were present, as were also biscuits and cigars. Our servants had been polishing up in an astonishing manner all the morning, and we marvelled at each other's appearance when we mustered to confront our antagonists at the water furrow where the tent for the interview was pitched. I know I gave 5*l.* for a very doubtful pair of "Peel's patent" to wear at that meeting. We turned out in a way that would have done no discredit to St. James's Street; even cigarettes were not wanting, as our spy had brought us some the night before. One man said to me, "How are you all so clean when you come out of that hole?" Well, we sauntered down at the time appointed with the most nonchalant air, in order the better to conceal the true state of affairs.

A colonial marquee had been pitched by the water furrow, 150 yards from the fort, and there we shook hands for the first time with the men who shortly before had been trying all they knew to assist us into a better world. They certainly looked as if they had been having worse times than we had, to say the least of it. After preliminaries outside, we entered the tent, and settled down to business. A cigar and a glass of "French" soon took the place of the cigarette, and the conference began. They contented themselves with saying "no" to everything we advanced, and to make headway under these conditions was not easy.

They handed us an agreement ready for signature. By the terms of this the officers were to be free and keep their weapons and private property—this in consideration of the way we had fought our position, and our treatment of the Boer wounded. All the rest, "horse, foot, and artillery," and civilians, were to be prisoners of war; and everything in the fort to be surrendered to the Transvaal Republic. The men knew they had us in their power, they knew we were getting

very close to starvation (closer than is generally imagined), and they thought they had only to dictate terms for us to accept. They were wrong in this, because we really dictated terms to them the next day. They would have given a good deal for the ammunition of the nine-pounders, but they did not get it notwithstanding.

Nothing could be settled on this day, so we agreed to meet on the next, at the same hour.

Next day at noon we were again in the tent; and finally, after a tremendous palaver, came to an agreement. By the provisions of this we were to march out with the honours of war and our flag flying, officers to retain their arms and private property, and none of us to be prisoners of war. The private property of the soldiers also to be kept by them.

They tried hard to make us give up our thirty-three civilians; but they reckoned without their host, and we took them all with us into the Orange Free State. We kept all ammunition for the field guns and rifles, but surrendered the two nine-pounder guns and the men's rifles, and the miscellaneous property in the camp. On the 21st of March, 1881, we met again at the same place, and signed the treaty. So ended the "battle of words," much to our advantage under the circumstances, I think most people will say.

After the signing of the treaty the scene changed. All became *couleur de rose*. We went down the town and looked curiously at the gaol, Land-roost's office, and other positions, and were well received by the inhabitants. Bullets had reached them, as the houses and walls testified, and shells had missed their mark and fallen in their midst; but they knew we had spared the town and the people in it as much as possible. Introductions went on all day—there was the commandant of Shuinspruit, the commandant of Mooi River, the "Fighting General," and many others.

Why this last was so named we don't know to this hour.

The commandant of the gun pressed forward for an introduction, and we complimented him on his practice, at which he seemed very much pleased. One man was presented to us as "one of our bravest men;" and if bravery consisted in stopping bullets he was rightly named, for he had his arm in a sling, and two other wounds beside, and we gave him his due as in duty bound. We were invited to breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and consumed a quantity of "dry Monopole" champagne that was surprising. An invitation to dine at the Royal Hotel with General Cronjé and his officers, was accepted. Five of us went and were most hospitably entertained. It was a strange scene and not easily to be forgotten. There were about thirty at table, rough, hearty, determined looking men, of a class to command respect. I speak of the Boers, not of the Hollanders, who are their advisers in wrong-doing, and on whom unfortunately they are too dependent.

The room was a large one, lined about three deep round the walls by Boers with rifles, and as many as could see in through the windows were there also. We had an excellent dinner; and went there with the intention of enjoying ourselves, which in truth I believe we all did in spite of little drawbacks. Our doctor had spoken words of wisdom and moderation, &c., &c., overflowing with sage advice, but none of this did he follow himself when the time for action came. Many speeches (in Dutch, translated by a Hollander present) of a pleasant hearty character were made, and to all of these a reply had to be given, taking up a good deal of time. Very full of good feeling were these speeches, and genuine I fully believe were the sentiments expressed in them.

But the beginning of the end was nearly reached when the Boer commander, carried away by his emotions, wound up the speech of the evening by

proposing to drink success to the Boer arms. I let him have his sweet will, and he resumed his seat amidst tumultuous applause.

This sentiment was rather strong, however, even allowing the "dry Monopole" its due weight, and I saw with alarm the moustache of one of my young Scotch subalterns positively bristling. I felt thankful that his sword and revolver were in the next room. He looked positive daggers at me, as if I was the real culprit, and I felt it was do or die with me. The oration over, I rose; and after replying to the first part of the speech, told my hearers that the sentiments in the latter part were of a nature I could not respond to. Anything less like satisfaction at the efforts of an orator it has never been my fate to see; so, thinking to divert the current of their thoughts, I promptly proposed the health of General Cronjé and of all his officers, who had lately been our enemies, but were now our friends. Happily this had the desired effect, and there was some applause and hammering of rifles on the floor. Good feeling culminated when General Cronjé rose and gave me his hand across the table, and we drank the toast amidst great excitement from those at the table and the mob outside, who seemed fully aware of all that was going on.

Our nerves by this time were pretty highly strung, and we were ready for any new adventure, so I was not surprised at feeling my shoulder touched by a friendly waiter. I put down my hand instinctively, and into it dropped a note, which I read under the table. This told me to be careful, as some of the mob outside had determined to shoot me on my way home. This was pleasant intelligence to receive at a festive gathering, and I only hoped that the bullet would miss me and hit—well, somebody else. After leaving the table, and while in the passage, a similar warning was conveyed to me. I kept my ears open to hear the sentiments of my enter-

tainers, but what I heard convinced me of the good faith of all around. I saw General Cronjé assemble all his officers, and I knew Dutch sufficient to inform me that he was charging them in the most solemn manner with the task of looking to our safety.

When we got outside it was as dark as pitch, the Boer leaders closed round us and escorted us to the fort, and there we took leave of them in the most cordial manner. The whole affair was characterised by genuine good feeling, our entertainers doing their utmost to make us feel at home with them, and I must say succeeding. All our dealings with the Boer leaders after the capitulation went smoothly, and they seemed anxious that they should do so.

It was arranged that we should evacuate our position and march from Potchefstroom on the 23rd of March. The night before we packed our waggon, and early on the morning of the 23rd fell in on the glacis and marched down to the water furrow, our flag at our head and bugles playing a march.

There we found the Boers drawn up, a fine soldierly lot of men, in number about 400. Previous to marching off Cronjé came up to me, and with him a burgher holding a horse, which I was invited to ride. The horses we had bought the day before stood ready saddled in the ditch. We went in and mounted the one our groom held, for as a rule we had not seen the animals before. There was scarcely a saddle in the lot that had not a bullet or two through it. At the water furrow we opened our ranks and laid down our arms, and soon after marched off with part of the Boers as an advance guard, and the remainder behind. They escorted us through the town and about a mile beyond. Then Cronjé made a farewell speech, and his leading men crowded round to grasp our hands and wish us God speed, no doubt as glad as ourselves that fighting was

over. This done, they formed up on each side of the road and saluted us as we marched through their ranks.<sup>1</sup>

Every man, woman, and child was with us in marching from Potchefstroom, except two badly wounded men whom we were forced to leave to the care of the doctors in the town.

We continued our march to Vyf Hoek, the farm of Captain —, late of the 7th Hussars (he would perhaps be pained if I gave his name), and there halted, in order to make our preparations for a march through the Orange Free State into Natal. All next day we halted here, and met with nothing but kindness from every one; one Dutchman sending fifty ducks for our hospital, in which we had twenty-three patients, fifteen of these being wounded. The day before leaving, my mess companion and myself went to one of the Stores to get some things for the march, including some underclothing, which we were much in want of. These things could not be sold, the proprietor said; the Boers would not permit it, or something of the sort. We did not understand this; and had to go without getting what we wanted. On our arrival at the house of our kind friend we found everything we had ordered, and many things besides, and these ready packed to go in our waggon! His house was turned into a store, but the things were all gifts, freely distributed to all of us. The sick, too, were not forgotten, and I don't believe a soldier went away empty-handed.

One sad duty remained to us before quitting Hoek, and that was the

<sup>1</sup> The capitulation, it may be remembered, was afterwards cancelled, and Potchefstroom reoccupied by our troops for a short time. This cancelling was proposed by the Boer Triumvirate in consequence of the action taken by Cronjé in withholding from the garrison, contrary to his orders, the terms of the agreement entered into by Sir Evelyn Wood and Piet Joubert on the 6th March, 1881. Had Cronjé fulfilled his instructions, affairs would have turned out differently, and the capitulation would not have taken place.

placing in consecrated ground the remains of our brother officer who fell at the Landroost's office on the 16th of December. A kind friend had taken the body and buried it in his garden. The coffin was disinterred by our men and placed in the cemetery, all officers off duty attending to perform this last sad service to a departed comrade.

We had also to bury our two men who had been left behind the day before, for they, poor fellows, lived only long enough to hear our bugles play us through the town. I don't believe there was a man of our party who did not think of these two, as we marched past the hospital where they lay, and wish we had them with us. Before leaving, we did all we were able to the graves of our soldiers who had fallen during the siege, and this work, I am told, was completed by the garrison that went there later on. The casualties by death, disease, and wounds, were as follows, viz. :—

Killed in action, or died of wounds received there . . . . .	25
Died of disease . . . . .	6
Wounded . . . . .	54
Total . . . . .	85

This includes 8 civilians.

When we take into consideration the continued fire day and night of the most searching and accurate character, and every bullet directed into a small space of twenty-five yards square filled with people, the marvel is that the loss was not greater.

The casualties in detail were as under :—

Nature of Casualties.	Officers.	Non-Commissioned Officers.	Soldiers.	Civilians.	Women.	Children.	Total.
Killed and died of wounds ... ..	1	2	19	2	—	1	25
Died of disease ... ..	—	1	3	—	1	1	6
Wounded ... ..	5	6	40	2	—	1	54
Total ... ..	6	9	62	4	1	3	85

The above is taken from the official returns, but there were some slight wounds not mentioned. For instance, the girl who was wounded in the neck is not included.

Of the above, one man was wounded three times, and three men were wounded twice; and it is no exaggeration to say that the bullet holes in our six tents numbered several thousands, besides a few from round shot. All the hospital tents were completely riddled; and even in the tent where the lady died, a round shot entered and smashed the pole.

To give some idea of the gun and rifle fire that we were subjected to, I may mention that on the 10th of March the enemy had from seventy to a hundred men guarding their gun. In the interval of the loading nearly every one of these discharged his rifle with the object of keeping down our fire. The gun fired eighty-three rounds on this day, and therefore about 5,810, (70 × 83) and 73 rifle shots might be estimated to have come. Besides this, firing was going on the whole day from the trenches; and a good many volleys were fired from all four sides at uncertain times from sunrise to sunset.

Of the Boer casualties during the siege it is difficult to form any estimate. They will only confess to one or two killed and some twenty wounded. There can, however, be little doubt that their total in killed and wounded fell little short of 250, as many as fifteen burials being known to have taken place at one time. The Boer leaders in Potchefstroom, as in other places, were careful to conceal their losses; and until they dispersed to their homes, the Boers themselves did not know their true loss.

Early on the morning of the 25th of March we left our generous host, and set off on our march to Natal, through the Orange Free State, that way being likely to prove more agreeable than that through the Transvaal. On the 26th we arrived

at De Wet's Drift on the Vaal, and spent that day and most of the next in crossing the river by the "pont," or floating bridge. On the opposite bank, in Free State Territory, we halted for two days, enjoying ourselves thoroughly. No more firing or sitting up at night! nothing but profound repose! We felt like birds let out of a cage, free as the air we lived in. We were entirely in the open, but to that we were accustomed, and rather liked it in such a climate. Our men made shelters for themselves with their blankets, and we officers did the same. The men were in the river the most of the day washing their clothes and amusing themselves generally. Letter-writing under a tree in the shade took up a good deal of time at the first, and I wrote my report for despatch to headquarters.

On the 29th we again marched, and arrived at Cronstadt on the 4th of April. Here we handed our gun and small-arm ammunition to the care of the authorities—as provided for in the treaty made with the Boers in Potchefstroom—to be returned to the British Government at the close of the war.

We bivouacked by the river bank among the trees, and received visits without number, and invitations to entertainments of all sorts. The Union Jack was displayed all over the town on our arrival, and the people in the place did all in their power to make our stay a pleasant one. One Dutchman hoisted the flag of the Transvaal Republic; but as we marched in it was hauled down: some of the inhabitants saying that we would not like it. We were entertained at dinner by some hospitable Englishmen, and I am afraid we spent a very noisy evening. A cricket match was played, which occasioned great excitement, spectators coming from far and near.

On the 11th of April we left Cronstadt on the way to Harrismith. On

this day we took leave of the Consul-General for Portugal (the Chevalier Forssman) and his family. They drove a long way with us on our march, and we shook hands for the last time with this family with whom we had been so closely associated during the siege. Few ladies have had rougher experience or gone through it more bravely. We were truly sorry to part; but our roads lay in different directions, and so we said good-bye, wondering if we should ever meet again.

We arrived at Harrismith on the 24th of April, and remained three days, resting our sick and wounded, and making preparations for a fresh start. A ball was got up for us, and we danced until four in the morning; and at eight most of us were present at a wedding at the English church, a pretty little edifice on the outskirts of the town. Two hours after this we set out, and crossed the Drakensberg Range into Natal by Van Renan's Pass, 6,000 feet above sea level, on the 30th of April. On the 2nd of May, 1881, we arrived at Ladysmith, having completed our journey all well, and with sick and wounded much improved since leaving Potchefstroom. Here we found tents waiting for us, a luxury we had not known for nearly five months.

The officers of the garrison were as follows:—

*Commanding Officer*—Major and Bt. Lieut.-Colonel R. W. C. Winsloe, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers.

*Officer Commanding R.A.*—Major C. Thornhill, Royal Artillery.

*Medical Officer*—Surgeon H. Wallis, A.M.D.

*Commissariat Officer*—D.A.C.G. W. A. Dunne.

The other officers were—

Capt. A. L. Falls, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers (Killed).

Lieut. H. L. M. Rundle, Royal Artillery.

„ P. W. Browne, 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers.

„ C. F. Lindsell, ditto.

„ H. E. Lean, ditto.

„ Dalrymple Hay, ditto.



Brevet-Major M. J. Clarke, Royal Artillery, was in Potchefstroom-town as Special Commissioner; and, on the death of Captain Falls at the land-roost's office, was the only officer left there.

DETAIL OF GARRISON.

Corps.	Officers.	Non-Commissioned Officers and Men.	Total.
Royal Artillery ...	2	48	45
Royal Scots Fusiliers Mounted Infantry.	4	125	129
Royal Scots Fusiliers... ..	2	24	26
Commissariat Corps	1	7	8
Medic. Dept. Corps	1	4	5
	10	203	213

REFUGEES.

Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	
13	19	16	48	8 men, 13 women, 16 children, left during the siege.

TRANSPORT.

Conductor.	Caffre Drivers and Leaders.	Total.	
1	60	61	39 drivers and leaders left during the siege.

SUMMARY.

Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men.	Refugees.	Transport.	Total.
213	48	61	322

ANIMALS.

Horses.	Mules.	Oxen.	Total.
76	121	147	344

All these, except one horse, had to be turned adrift on the sixth day of the siege.

WAGGONS.

Mule and Ox Waggon.	Ambulance Waggon.	Water Carts.	Ammunition Carts.	Total.
17	2	3	2	24

In no spirit of boasting, but in justice to the little garrison I had the honour of commanding, I subjoin a copy of a District Order issued by Colonel Bellairs, C.B.; and with this I close a curtailed, and what I am afraid is but a disjointed, account of events that will not soon pass from the memory of any who participated in them.

R. W. C. WINSLOE,  
Colonel, Royal Scots Fusiliers,  
Aide-de-camp to Her Majesty the Queen.

DISTRICT ORDER.

"PRETORIA, 7th April, 1881.

"The fort at Potchefstroom capitulated on the 21st March, but only when its garrison was reduced to extremity, and after as brave a defence as any in military annals; the troops marching out with the honours of war, and proceeding through the Orange Free State to Natal. The sterling qualities for which British soldiers have been so renowned have been brilliantly shown in this instance, during a long period of privation and under very trying circumstances.

"Colonel Bellairs begs Lieutenant-Colonel Winsloe, and the officers and men under him, will accept his thanks for the proud and determined way in which they have performed their duty.

"By Order,  
"(Signed) M. CHURCHILL, Captain, D.A.A.G."

## A RED INDIAN REVENGE RAID.

## A TRUE STORY.

BEFORE I begin to describe this terrible, but I am now happy to say very rare, episode of frontier life, I ought to tell you what an "Indian Revenge Raid" means.

It is the attack upon the Indians by the settlers, who have had their homes destroyed, and their families massacred, or worse, by the "noble red man!"

The Indians, as perhaps some of my readers know, frequently break out of the territory reserved for them, where they have remained quietly all the winter; and, during the summer, skulk about the nearest settlements, stealing horses if they can get the chance, but otherwise not molesting the ranche men; again returning to their reservations when the weather begins to get cold.

But once, every few years, a sort of frenzy seizes them, in consequence of the extortions of the Government and the encroachments of enterprising white settlers; and then a party of braves will stealthily creep round the ranches, and the miserable stockman wakes up some night to be scalped and murdered, or worse, to see his family outraged and killed before his eyes, and himself afterwards tortured in a way that defies description. Our settlement, situated in the most northern portion of New Mexico, was considered one of the most unassailable and safe in that part of the country. To a stranger, this would have seemed peculiar, as there were fewer people than in many of the districts further south, where men turned pale at the mention of an Indian raid, while we received the news with sublime indifference.

The reason was not hard to find, however. Living amongst us as peace-

able citizens, were men, who, in days gone by, had been noted desperadoes and Indian fighters; and it is a well-known fact among Western men, that the Indians dread—and with good reason—a man who has fought against them, and who knows their ways, more than twenty inexperienced hands. But that was a terrible summer. In a settlement south of us two hundred families were massacred in a few months. Troops were sent by Government to drive the Indians out; but as usual could never find them, or when they did, they were taken at a disadvantage and obliged to retreat.

Even we got anxious, and did not breathe freely until November began to draw to a close, and we were expecting day by day that the winter would set in.

Never within the memory of the oldest frontiersman had Indians remained so far north during the winter. So by Christmas they were a thing of the past, and the public mind was filled with excitement concerning a great meeting of stockmen, to be held at a town thirty-five miles north, on the 1st of January.

Nearly every one was going to this meeting, and all were congratulating themselves upon the unprecedentedly mild weather, which enabled them to leave their sheep and cattle with light hearts under the charge of a few boys.

It was in the afternoon following the departure of the stockmen, the 31st of December, that I, then a lad of seventeen, was herding sheep, camped by myself in a little hut, a mile from the home-rancho. It was getting rather late, and I was beginning to think with much satisfaction of the supper of juicy mutton-chops that I

should devour in a short time, when I saw, afar off on the prairie, a black dot, that soon developed into a man on horseback coming towards me at full gallop. As he approached, I saw that he had no hat, and though his horse was going at a headlong pace, he was urging it furiously with both whip and spur. In another minute he was close to me, and I recognised a young fellow, Ad. Stafford by name, who lived at a ranche about ten miles from us.

"What's the matter, Ad.?" I shouted, as he came thundering up, with difficulty pulling in as he reached me.

"Matter?" he cried. "Why the Indians never left after all. They have just burned ten ranches, killing every man they came across, but carryin' off the women alive. They won't go any distance, however, to-night, as they think there is no one left in the country to come after 'em. I managed to escape, bein' on a good horse, and am now riding everywhere, trying to get up a party for a revenge raid. You'll make one, won't you, Pat, to save them women from a fate one shudders to think of?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'll come, if I can do any good; but it will be a tough business, as there are not more than thirty white men left in the settlement."

"Never mind," he answered. "The red devils don't expect any attack, they are so sure that there is no one to make it; and, remember, there are Mike Alison, Tom Stockton, and Luke Remington still left, and *they* are worth fifty common cusses. But I must be off to get every one I can. Be at Gate's Cañon by ten o'clock to-night, two hours before the moon rises; the Indians are not camped far from there. For God's sake don't go back on us, Pat," he said, as he gathered up the reins. "Think of the fate of those women if we do not rescue them. *Adios!*"

With that he was gone again, and soon disappeared in the direction of the ranche of Mike Alison, the most noted desperado in the country.

No. 282.—VOL. XLIX.

Not much supper did I eat that night. Quickly and silently I put my sheep into the corral. My horse, a large, wiry Mexican pony, more than half mustang, was feeding near the camp. I caught and saddled him carefully; then, eating a hasty meal, I spent the next few hours in cleaning my revolver thoroughly, and sharpening my butcher-knife, also in writing a farewell note to my mother in case I should never return.

It had been dark for some time. I stepped outside my log hut, and studied the position of the "Great Bear," by which we tell the time of night on the prairies.

"Hem," I soliloquised, "half-past nine. I guess I must be off. I wonder whether I shall be alive this time to-morrow! Not likely; twenty men against, probably, two or three hundred—fearful odds. However, life is worth very little here, and at any rate one will die in a good cause."

All this I said aloud, as men who have lived much by themselves get into the habit of doing. Then, mounting my horse, I struck off in the direction of "Gate's Cañon."

After about half-an-hour's ride, my horse began to prick up his ears and snort slightly, proving that I was nearing the rendezvous. I looked eagerly forward to see how many men poor Ad. had been able to collect for this desperate errand.

There were terribly few; I counted only fifteen when I came up. We sat motionless on our horses' backs, waiting until the last moment for reinforcements to arrive.

Every few minutes a man would appear out of the darkness, and silently take his place in the group. No greetings were given; only one tall horseman, on a powerful roan, rode quietly from man to man, saying a word to each. This was Mike Alison, the desperado and veteran Indian-fighter, who, in right of his reputation for a cool head and determined courage, was tacitly accepted by every one as captain.

H H

Suddenly the silence was broken by his deep voice echoing among the rocks of the cañon.

"Well, boys, I guess we won't wait any longer. We must get to the Injuns' camp before the moon rises, or they'll spot us like so many sheep. I haven't much to say. You all know what yew air in fur, I suppose. You all know that the odds against us will be about ten to one, as I b'lieve the Injuns number about two hundred, mebber more."

He paused a moment, and then said, with a perceptible effort, in a lower voice, "There are some very young lads among yer, as will hev many friends mournin' for 'em if they get killed; an' I say ter those lads—go home while yer hev time, and leave them to do the business as has no one to care a cuss whether they live or die."

He paused again. No one stirred, but some of the "young lads" grunted rather contemptuously.

"No one goin'!" he resumed. "Well then, boys, let's be off; don't make more noise than you can help. Keep yer eyes on me, and stop when I give the word, now *Vamos!*"

So we started on our errand of revenge. Little did the trembling women, crouched in the tents of the Indians, think that succour was so nigh. Still less did their cruel captors dream of the terrible vengeance that was to overtake them so speedily, as they sat drinking the white man's whisky.

Meanwhile nearer and nearer drew the little band, small in numbers but terrible in their stern determination to rescue the women or die.

An hour's silent ride over the desolate prairie, or under the frowning rocks or pine-trees of the mira. Then a sudden halt. No voice now echoes among the rocks, but a stern whisper passed from man to man.

"We are close to the camp. The first fifteen men follow Mike Alison round to the opposite side of the camp and charge in. The rest dismount and creep

forward from different points until they come in sight of the fires, then crouch down with cocked rifles until Mike gives the signal. Then shoot every redskin that runs out. After second volley make for the tents where the women are. Fight to the death—give no quarter!"

I was one of the last, so silently slipping from my saddle, with my bridle over my arm, I crept softly on until a red glare shone through the bushes in front of me, and I knew I must go no further, but crouch—and wait. I knelt behind a rock, with cocked pistol and unsheathed knife. Waiting, waiting, for the signal to begin.

Ah! how terrible it was, this suspense. One seemed to live a whole life-time in those awful few minutes. I could hear the weird songs of the half-tipsy Indians, mingled with yells and curses, as if they were quarrelling over their booty.

What was that? The signal? Ay, there it is. A long, shrill whistle. Then the thunder of horses' feet. A wild, hoarse howl of surprise and dismay, answered by a relentless volley from the repeating rifles.

In a moment more Indians were flying out of the brush-wood on every side. I stood up and fired my pistol, right and left, with deadly effect. I reloaded, and again emptied it. Then remembering the order to remount after the second volley and make for the tents where the women would be, I looked round for my horse, expecting to find him gone. No, there he stood, close by, snorting fiercely, with dilated nostrils; under his feet the mangled body of an Indian.

A moment more and I was galloping towards the spot from which came the indescribable roar of conflict. At first high rocks intervened between myself and the scene of battle. But suddenly it all broke upon my view.

I pulled up for a second to get a clear idea of the best place to strike for. I was at the end of a large open space. In all directions were the

camp-fires of the Indians, but my eyes were fixed upon one spot, where there was a struggling mass of figures, in the midst of which rose the white tents. Not a moment did I hesitate. Digging my spurs into my horse's sides, with a shout I charged furiously at the thick mass of Indians surrounding our little band.

The struggle was frightful, and victory seemed more than doubtful. Most of the Indians, utterly surprised, and not knowing how small a number of enemies they had to contend with, had decamped at the first shock, but sixty or seventy rallied, got their arms, and being for the greater part tipsy, fought like incarnate fiends. Those of our men who had rifles had dismounted, and taking their stand in front of the women's tents poured deadly and unceasing fire upon the foe. We who had only pistols remained on horseback and dashed hither and thither, shooting right and left, our horses entering into the spirit of the fray as much as their riders.

Backwards and forwards surged the battle. Now it seemed as if the Indians must conquer; they swarmed on every side, their war-whoops filled the air. But just when it seemed almost vain to struggle further a stalwart figure on a powerful roan horse darted into the centre of the mass of foes. Everything gave way before his charge. His stentorian "Mike Alison to the rescue! give it to 'em, boys," rang out above the yells of the Indians, and again the white men rallied, and the redskins were driven back. How long this lasted I cannot say. The terrible strain and exertion began to fatigue me fearfully. My horse had apparently carried me from the thick of the fight, and was standing still panting heavily. Suddenly he started and gave a feeble shy. From the bushes in front of me broke three Indians, who, as soon as they caught sight of me made a simultaneous attack. I had one shot left in my pistol and contrived to shoot the foremost Indian before they quite reached

me. Then, indeed, it seemed as if my time had come. Utterly exhausted, with only a knife, how could I hope to grapple successfully with two powerful foes? They came on, one at each side, both armed with knives. Making a last desperate effort, I drove my knife into the breast of the one on my left hand. At the same moment I felt the knife of my other antagonist cut through coat, waistcoat, and shirt—surely it would reach my heart? No. The blade was turned too much outwards, and cutting a slight gash, it went deeply into the leather of my saddle. Still I was not out of danger. I had not strength enough left to tear my knife from the man I had stabbed, and my living foe was fresh and vigorous.

But he had another enemy whom he had not counted upon.

Suddenly I saw his face contract with agony, some unseen force was dragging him downwards. He disappeared. I felt my horse rear. I heard a dull crushing sound, a deep groan, and all was still.

I was safe, my life was preserved by my horse, who had seized the Indian with his teeth, by the middle of his back, thrown him down, and trampled on him. For the next few minutes I remained almost stupefied with fatigue upon my horse's back. From this state I was aroused by the gruff voice of Mike Alison—

"Well, Pat, so you're alive still, are you? It has been a lively time, hasn't it? Much hurt?"

I looked up at him, wondering at the coolness of his tone and manner. His face looked ghastly by the light of the moon, now at its brightest, and one arm hung, evidently broken, at his side. But he was as cool and unconcerned as if he had been merely driving cattle for an evening's amusement.

"Oh! Mike," I exclaimed, "is it over yet? Have we beaten them? Are the women safe? Have——"

"Stop," interrupted Mike, "one thing at a time—" "Yes, it is over, for the present anyhow; and what redskins are left alive are makin' tracks

fur their reservations a deal faster than they came out o' them, I guess. Yes, the women are safe, lad, thank God. But get off yer horse and lay down fur a spell, you need the rest, and I'll tell you all about it. You see, when we left you behind to watch fur the skunks as they ran from the first shock of our charge, we went round to the opposite side of the cañon, where there is space fur fifteen or twenty men to ride in abreast. But before we went for 'em, I scouted round till I spotted the tents where I knew the women would be. I was in an almighty scare lest they might be hurt before we reached them. But I found it all quiet. The Indians had not finished the whisky yet. Then I crept back to the boys, mounted, gave the whistle—which I dessay you heard—and we piled in.

"I, Tom Stockton, and Luke Remington struck a bee-line for the tents, the boys following. I got to 'em first, and throwin' open the flap of the biggest one, I shouted to the women inside that we had come to save them, but they must keep quite still, and on no account come out.

"But, Lord bless you! the pore critters could no more keep in than fly. I'm a hard cuss, Pat, there ain't many mean things I haven't done, but it a'most brought tears into *my* eyes, to see the joy with which we were welcomed. And that fool Luke fairly blubbered. Some on 'em threw their arms round us and hugged us, some fell on their knees and prayed God to bless us. I saw more gratitude in those five minutes than I ever saw before in my life. Certainly, nothin' could have better fitted the boys fur the struggle that was to come than that. We bundled them in in a minute, however, and only just in time too, for in half a jif on the devils came.

"Ay! it was a rough time. But ye see the Indians were taken completely

by surprise, and were shot from so many different directions at oncel; that fur all they knew we might be a hundred and fifty strong, instead of only twenty-five, and most of 'em struck south straight away. But those that stayed fought like hell, and I guess not many of the boys hev got off as easily as you an' me. More'n once I thought it was all up, but we tired 'em out at last.

"But let's come and lend the women a hand with the wounded, and mebbe they may have time to bind up my arm a bit. It does hurt considerable. I suppose it'll hev to come off, worse luck." We walked slowly towards a little group of pines, in the midst of which was a patch of open ground, converted, for the time being, into a field-hospital. There were the women, alive and well, thank God, doing what they could to relieve the wounded men, who were heroically making light of their sufferings, or bearing them in grim silence. Dearly did we pay for our revenge, successful though it was. Ten men killed outright, five died before morning, six were disabled so seriously that they were never again fit for active service. Only four, among whom was myself, really recovered the effects of that terrible New Year's Day. But an awful vengeance was wrought upon the Indians. During the ensuing week, the stockmen came down from the north and scoured the country far and wide, up to the very verge of the Indian territory, and it was calculated that only one of all the ferocious band that had for so long been the terror of the country-side reached the reservations alive.

Not for many many years will northern New Mexico be troubled again by Indians. Such a lesson as they received in the winter of 1878 will not soon be forgotten.

A. H. PATERSON.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

If the character of Richard Bethell Lord Westbury was somewhat of an enigma to his friends, it was still more so to the general public. Up to the time of his entering Parliament at the age of fifty-one, notwithstanding his superlative abilities both as a lawyer and an advocate, and the facilities which they usually offer to social distinction and conventional intimacies, his friends were out of all proportion in number and weight to those who entertained for him an absolute personal aversion; and the larger circle in which he moved, after he had allied himself to an ascendant political party, must in strictness be termed an extended "connection" rather than an increase of personal adherents and admirers. It is easy to offer as a solution the commonplace explanation of professional rivalry, or natural envy, or the tacit dislike of classes at what are termed "self-made men"—but this is not only inadequate, it is not even feasible. Even in the profession of the law we have superb instances of men who have, by invading two or three distinct branches of learning, courted an augmented competition and hostility, and have yet fought their way to fortune and to favour—men who were prepared at any moment, if called away, to leave the vindication of their lives to the friends by whom they were encompassed. The reason, as we apprehend it, is, that those who succeed in conciliating the goodwill of men, themselves disclose in profusion the graces, the virtues, and characteristics which form the character they seek to enlist in the rank of friends. Whatever be the correct explanation of the matter, one thing is certain, that in the case of Lord Westbury it has occasioned some very

remarkable misconceptions with respect to both his public and his private life. In offering some personal reminiscences of the earlier life of this very eminent advocate, we may possibly interest our readers, and effectively call attention to the fact that no biography worthy of the name has yet been compiled of one of England's greatest Chancellors.

It was a common remark in his family that Mr. Bethell was as old as the year; it would have been more correct to have said as old as the century, since he was born in the year 1800. Whilst at school at Bristol it was expected that he would have followed the profession of his father—medicine; but he exhibited such rare and precocious qualities that he was entered at Wadham College at the age of fourteen; and at eighteen took a B.A. degree, first in classics and second in mathematics. Of home influences he never had the advantage. From eight till twelve he was at school at the Fort, Bristol, under the Rev. R. Bedford; prior to that, at a small school near his father's. Nor could it be said that he ever enjoyed at college the privileges which the children of wealthy parents find, as a rule, a pleasant stumbling block to learning. From the very first he had no one to rely upon but himself. It is almost certain that at this date were formed those precise and frugal habits which adhered to him through life, and, hardening somewhat with his years, induced people to think that, in small matters at least, he was thrifty to the verge of parsimony. Between 1818 and 1823, when he was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, he was a tutor

with a good local reputation for success, but his scholarly proclivities never left him. Although he applied himself with surprising steadiness and self-denial to the equity branch of the profession, yet he never permitted his classic attainments to diminish by neglect. No one dared misquote a classic author in his presence without the certainty of detection; and no man at the bar could quote a pungent passage from Horace or Juvenal or Tacitus with more telling effect and appositeness; indeed, an academic mannerism clung to him inconveniently long. He imported into his forensic efforts the reproving, chiding style of a preceptor, and often amused the more independent members of the bar by a sort of magisterial scolding, as diverting as it was unseasonable. An early opportunity was, however, accorded to Mr. Bethell of establishing his merit as an able dialectician, thus excusing in the eyes of the profession peculiarities which might not have been otherwise tolerated. It is not too much to say that the singularly affected style of address which he cultivated, termed by some namby-pamby pedantry, and which at one time earned him the offensive sobriquet of "Miss Fanny," arose in great part from early habits. From the very first he was a hard reader; he never mixed much or freely amongst men other than the members of a college; robust and boisterous amusements were his abhorrence; of manly exercises he was entirely ignorant, save that of rowing, which he had cultivated much at Oxford. In this he was very expert, and although after he became a peer, he threw himself heartily into the aristocratic recreation of yachting, it would not be wrong to say that he derived more pleasure when rowing on the lake at Oakland Park, with his young family around him, than from his trips up and down the Mediterranean in comparative solitary greatness. Had he selected the Common Law branch of the profession, or entered the House

of Commons before attaining the age of forty, it is impossible not to believe that he would have discarded the affected drawl, and the emphatic lisp, which hardly ever deserted him except in passing moments of high-wrought feeling, of which few beyond his own family were witnesses.

Mr. Bethell was in no hurry to get married, probably controlled in this event by that unflinching prudence which all along distinguished his conduct. When he did resolve upon the step, his choice fell upon a daughter of Mr. Robert Abraham, an architect of 27, Keppel Street, Russell Square. In these early days her husband could but ill afford the loss, consequent upon his marriage, of the income which he drew from his fellowship, and Mr. Abraham substituted an allowance of 100*l.* a year until Mr. Bethell's income enabled him to dispense with it. Of Mr. Abraham's memory and high character much might be said here if space permitted.

From this time forward Mr. Bethell devoted himself unsparingly to the drudgery of the profession, in comparatively inexpensive chambers at 25, Old Square. A case in which his college was concerned having been entrusted to his advocacy he acquitted himself in such a manner as to gain the credit of his immediate clients, and a large accession of business from solicitors generally; the case became in fact identical with the turning point in his career; his subsequent industry and skill abundantly justified and sustained the promise he had given; he consolidated his reputation daily; but unfortunately the arrogance of manner which rendered him so unpopular at the bar, grew in proportion to his reputation and his income. He had now restricted himself to the Court of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, where his expanding influence and his personal acceptability to the bench, tended to foster those unpleasant traits of character; his deportment and his language towards professional

brethren who were not prepared to admit his absolute right to ride roughshod over them, or that they were fools, or something worse, was an exact imitation of the "pity blended with contempt," which abounded in the deportment of William Pitt. On one occasion, he was personally chastised by a fellow barrister, or as it was quaintly described, "he evoked a retort which took the unnatural and unprofessional form of physical violence applied to his nose." On another occasion he applied the term "disgraceful" to the professional conduct of a well-remembered member of the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Charles Purton Cooper. Before any other judge but Sir L. Shadwell, the Bench itself would have interposed, but Mr. Bethell appeared on this, as on other occasions, to have it pretty well his own way. Mr. Cooper took effectual means of recording the matter by publishing *A Statement of what Occurred in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor in the Case of, &c.* Incidents of this kind naturally became the subject of comment, and of contemptuous ridicule, because no single circumstance in Bethell's career had suggested personal courage to support such language; indeed he had an effeminate horror of every description of danger. For this reason he was seldom on horseback, was never known to drive, nor ever seen to handle a gun.

Still, however disdaining to conciliate, favoured by the Court, every infirmity pampered by the attorneys, his practice grew, his family increased, his residences became more elegant and pretentious, and his devotion to the profession which rewarded him so liberally, was unbounded; he spared himself no labour, he devoted his week days and his Sundays to the interest of his clients; he seemed to exist, whether at home or at chambers, simply to attain professional pre-eminence; "he scorned delights and lived laborious days," apparently from no other reason than love of work. However much men might detest the

contemptuous, overbearing deportment of the successful barrister in public and to his subordinates, there is no disputing the fact that his indulgence and dignified effusiveness of affection towards his family were unparalleled, and above all taint of affectation. No comfort, no luxury, no pleasure, no whim was ever denied by him to his wife and children; for their sakes he tolerated people at home whom he both disliked and despised, and when it came to his turn to dispense patronage instead of gifts, he risked the clamour of political purists by making appointments which raised storms of indignation. People in the earlier days wondered why a man to whom practice and wealth came so readily should lead such a life of self-denial. A rare night at the opera, a trip to the Continent during the long vacation, or a few weeks at the Marine Parade, Brighton, with briefs and books sufficient to fill a cab were the only amusements which he permitted himself. He in no way dabbled in politics; it is true that he had very early in life taken sides with the parties as they then existed; and was known to be a strenuous Tory, and a High Churchman after the heart of his friend, Dr. Pusey; he had joined the Conservative Club, though his attendances were rare; moreover he detested equality, mobs, poor people, and all the exhibitions of rough but heroic life which are found in the ranks of the people; not from principle or conviction, but from a fastidious effeminacy of disposition, which caused him to recoil in horror and anger from all such contact. Hence all the world marvelled how, when, urged by Lord Brougham to stand for Parliamentary honours, he would face an unpropitiated rabble upon the hustings; but the fact was that his adherents, and the party to which he had attached himself, did their best to soften the asperities of his path; and he had the advantage of appearing before an exhausted constituency; the heat which distinguished the

election of the previous member for Aylesbury, in January, having subsided when Sir Richard presented himself before them in April, 1851. He had been urged to solicit the suffrage of a much larger and more boisterous constituency than Aylesbury, but either from want of intrepidity, or from a concession to aristocratic influence, he had avoided the contest. His own explanation was that he had magnanimously foregone the opportunity in favour of others, and it is but fair to add that this explanation (though entirely out of harmony with the usual tenor of his life) was never contradicted. There is no doubt that about the beginning of 1850, the conviction forced itself on Mr. Bethell's mind that the position he held at the bar was, despite his vast abilities, of an unabiding character; it was also irksome; a professional man cannot always maintain the attitude of defence or defiance; having attained the very topmost rung of the ladder, either he passes forward into a new sphere, or begins the inevitable descent. His amassments, his investments, his mortgages, were countless; he could not practically get more out of the profession, but he might at any moment get less. The retirement of Sir L. Shadwell broke the spell which favoured him in that court; he was now constrained to plead before men who had once been his inferiors, or his equals, or his antagonists and worse. The bench was of course the appropriate and symmetrical finish to such a career; but the appointments offered to him he rightly despised, as beneath his importance. In the family circle it was whispered that on first entering the profession he had said, in reply to some one who asked him why he chose the law, that he did so to become Lord Chancellor. This may have been a pleasant piece of family prophecy, but had it been known to the outside public, it is certain his refusal of everything less would have gone very strongly to confirm the impression that it was still

the abiding faith of Mr. Bethell. We shall never forget on one occasion when a vice-chancellorship was offered to him, being the reluctant witness of the unspeakable scorn with which he grasped the letter from the Chancellor's secretary, crumpled it up, held it on high, and dashing it into the fireplace in dramatic style, inveighed against "the consummate impertinence of their thinking that he was going to throw into the gutter, to be scrambled for by a parcel of hungry young barristers, twenty thousand a year! and for what? a paltry vice-chancellorship!" There is no doubt that at this time (1850-51) his professional income was not overrated by these figures. Such sums may have been made for one or two years consecutively by specialists, probably more than one such income might have been pointed to during the ascendancy of the railway mania, when the professional Mint was situated in the Committee rooms of the House of Commons; but for a sustained income extending over many years, it is, we apprehend, simply without precedent in the annals of the bar. Such, however, was the reward bestowed by fortune on ability, learning, industry, and patience.

At that time splendid fortunes were amassed by a few eminent men practising at the bar. The distribution of business was far more unequal than it is now; though the remark applies more to the Chancery bar than any other section of the profession. Fees were, in certain cases, considerably larger than those now paid. Every one knows that they were and are given in a multitude of cases, not so much to secure the active advocacy of a popular man, as to hold him neutral. The practice does not commend itself to one's sense of fairness, but perhaps the solicitors are more to blame than the bar. Counsel also then confined themselves to a chosen court with greater rigidity than do the present practitioners. Men of mark invariably adopted this course, either from personal proclivities, or from their plead-

ing having a more practical influence on the presiding judge than that of their less favoured brethren.

Forty years ago the junior bar stood, as it were, abashed in the presence of the silk gown; honour and emolument were for the seniors, and hard labour and small reward for the juniors. There is now probably as much learning behind the bar as in front; as much in the inner bar as on the bench. The grand distinctions of the judge—his power of dealing with complicated facts, of presenting them in luminous order, of reasoning clearly and powerfully upon them; of detecting error and rebuking fraud; unswerving adhesion to honour and integrity—in a word, the union of ripe experience with fervent devotion to unsullied justice, are not the qualities which the advocate has to guarantee to the public before he can earn its support. The public desires and appreciates a set of qualities which are easily discernible; it does not look for the virtue of a judge in the skill of the advocate. The new system of practice, incomplete as it is, has been a boon to the public, and, like every righteous act, reflected good upon all concerned. Counsel cannot now squabble for *two years over the minutes of a decree*. The interest of the suitor is not now swamped in the paramount interest of the profession. *Then* people preferred injustice to law; *now* they prefer law to injustice, and the profession reaps the benefit. It is doubtful whether any enormous fortunes in comparison with those realised by the past generation will ever be secured by the present or any future race of lawyers. One solid reason for this belief is found in the circumstance that the most successful men of the day, after they have reached the goal of their ambition become, or affect to become, ardent law reformers, and every real reform of the law (there are many counterfeits) tends to diminish the aggregation of practice. Mr. Bethell was no exception.

Early in 1851 the indispensable preliminaries to the Aylesbury campaign were arranged. The active support of the Rothschild family was secured. The Bethell family went down there to reside, were exceedingly liberal and very affable; distributed blankets amongst the poor, and performed many amiable offices to engage the sympathies and support of the inhabitants. Mr. Bethell's agents were no less than *ten* attorneys. When he addressed the electors, on the 10th of April, he declared that he never had but one set of opinions through life; that he was an ardent free-trader, an enemy of church-rates, a supporter of the extension of the suffrage, and finally that "one of the chief reasons why he desired to sit in Parliament was to effect a reform in the law." Eventually he polled 544 votes against Mr. Ferrand's 518. The election cost the successful candidate between five and six thousand pounds—a small investment, considering the prospective benefit of the position. Notwithstanding Mr. Bethell's "one set of opinions through life," the Conservative Club felt so much scandalised that he was forced to retire from it "in consequence of the change in his political views." A statement with regard to Mr. Bethell's antecedent history was at this period disseminated, to the effect that he had been a declared Tory M.P. as far back as 1832. This was never, so far as we are aware, authoritatively contradicted; indeed, the statement was reiterated in some recent sketches of his career. It was said that "he was a candidate for Parliamentary honours at the time that he was acquiring forensic distinction. In 1832 he was returned, without a contest, as Conservative member for East Yorkshire. He was in no haste to make his voice heard in the House of Commons, his first appearance as a speaker taking place in 1834, and then he only said a few words." This statement is entirely groundless. The Mr. Richard Bethell who offered

himself to the electors of East Yorkshire in July, 1832, who was greatly chagrined at its being suspected that he was tainted with the principles of free trade in corn, who was returned unopposed at Beverley, and gave a grand dinner at the Tiger Hotel, was Mr. Richard Bethell,<sup>1</sup> of the Rise, Beverley, and of 7, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, a brother of Christopher Bethell, D.D., Bishop of Bangor, a family not related to Lord Westbury at all. Such are the materials of which biography is too often compounded!

Mr. R. Bethell, of Lincoln's Inn, was "in great haste to make his voice heard," and heard effectively too. Taking his seat in the middle of 1851, he spoke constantly. In 1852 he was made Solicitor-General, and as usual was knighted. He at once made up his mind to become so necessary to the Administration that it should not dispense with him unless by promotion or elevation to the upper chamber. It was perfectly well known in his own circle, as far back as 1850, that his ambition would be satisfied with nothing less; he had no competitors at the Chancery bar who were dangerous rivals for the bench, and he was a man who could practise patience. But, on the other hand, the bar were tired of his supremacy, and were eager to share in the lucrative practice which would be dispersed on his removal—eager for the "scramble," as he termed it, for twenty thousand a year. Some who were superior to such sentiments dwelt with alarm and disappointment on the fact that the equity bar had been somewhat slighted in the matter of legal preferment, several of the preceding chancellors having been drawn from the bar or the bench at Westminster. Sir R. Bethell was fortified by a knowledge of this feeling, and rightly judged that sooner or later the Administration must yield to it, if not to him. His ideas of law reform were not met by the excellent measure for improving the system of registration of

<sup>1</sup> A distinguished old family for several centuries located in East Yorkshire.

deeds (real property), and he succeeded in getting it rejected in the Commons after it had passed the Lords, thus exposing the adhesiveness of the Ministry by defeating a measure which the Chancellor himself had introduced. In 1856 Lord Palmerston made him Attorney-General, and he carried the Divorce Act. It was very generally said that the characteristics of Lord Lyndhurst, which Sir Robert Peel never liked, were precisely those which Lord Palmerston admired in Sir R. Bethell. Sir Richard was offered the judgeship of the Divorce Court on its establishment; he declined it with every evidence of dissatisfaction, but not so scornfully as he had refused the Vice-Chancellorship. There is no concealing the fact that able and useful as he was in the House, the impression existed that he condescended to be there simply because it was the prescribed passage to the Woolsack; he was still the advocate retained for a special fee; personally indifferent to the success or failure of his client, but preferring that he should succeed since his own recompense was contingent on success. But notwithstanding the stern persistency with which he set his eyes upon one eminence, and the fierce resolve to attain it which burned within him, he professed to be utterly indifferent to anything the Ministry could offer. Few indeed knew the resentment he entertained against those who seemed an obstruction in his path, so thoroughly had he learned to control every outward indication of feeling. When Lord Palmerston returned to power in 1859, Lord Campbell, to the surprise of every one, himself included, was offered the Great Seal; the idea gained ground that the new Ministry did not lean favourably towards Bethell; that they could do very well without him, and but for the ethics of the thing would do so. This was, however, an exaggerated idea. Lord Campbell had been a faithful friend and supporter of the Whigs; he had friends in both camps; he was admitted to be a thoroughly



honest man. Everybody espoused his claims, and even before the Ministry had been sketched out, and without consulting his wishes, Lord Palmerston decided that he should be Chancellor. Sir R. Bethell was not sufficiently popular to centre in himself a professional grievance. Lord Campbell was to him never more than an acquaintance, but from this time Sir Richard's repugnance and contempt were frequently and openly declared, most effectively so when he himself became Chancellor in 1861, and had the pleasure of criticising his predecessor's work; and most ludicrously so when he termed a judgment cited as Campbell's "valueless and wholly inapplicable," which turned out to be an early dictum of his own. Innocent as Lord Campbell was of standing in the way of Sir Richard, the resentment of the latter must have been deep and bitter when it permitted him to indulge in offensive remarks on the newly deceased Chancellor. His Christianity had not even reached the pagan standard—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

The first thing that must strike the reader in summarising the character of this eminent lawyer is his industry. No eminence is obtained in the law without industry; but Bethell was industrious amongst an industrious class of men; his chambers in Stone Buildings were open from nine till nine; between nine in the morning and the sitting of the court at ten, he would sometimes have ten conferences and ten consultations; many of the former while walking from his chambers to the court; many of the latter in the court itself, the junior saying a few words across the bar, answering a question or two on the case. From four to five o'clock more consultations. Then came the leading meal of the day, consisting of a mutton chop from the Southampton Hotel, one slice of stale bread, and a glass of water from Lincoln's Inn pump; it was the fare of a hermit. An hour or so succeeded, devoted to

an unusually intricate case, or the perusal of a parliamentary Blue-book, and then a common cab would convey him to the House of Commons; at the date we refer to cab fares consisted of multiples of eightpence, and the saving characteristics of Sir Richard showed themselves by his carrying about a stock of fourpenny pieces with which he could pay the exact legal fare. Cabmen naturally entertained a strong aversion to this exactitude, and latterly, unless a cab were called for him, the drivers in Chancery Lane suddenly became almost as short-sighted as their intending fare. At the House, whilst Solicitor and Attorney-General, he was diligent and punctual. No one could mistake him, seated on the right side of the Speaker, the large bald head and the beaming countenance which from a distance seemed to wear a peculiarly genial smile, drew a full share of attention; but when he rose to speak, the voice seemed too mincing, the head too largely developed for the body, which was ill supported by the legs, and the whole effect unsatisfactory. He generally sat it out, and would return to his house at Sussex Gardens in a cab at two or three in the morning.

Before entering parliament he was not above bestowing exceptional care on special parts of his intended addresses to the bench. We remember once, when visiting at his house at Highgate, being alarmed at hearing indistinct noises at about four on a summer's morning; on opening the chamber door, and glancing into the gallery, we beheld Mr. Bethell, his dressing-room door wide open, standing in front of his cheval glass, partly dressed, reciting some portion of an address. It was a performance entirely extempore or memoriter, since no notes or papers were visible. At one period he did most of his forensic preparations in the morning, but would glance at the more important briefs over night; his habit was, having had tea with the family, at six or seven, to fall off, with a pocket handkerchief thrown over his head, into an easy nap, during which

silence was most religiously preserved ; at about eleven he would retire to his library, or soon after the last bag of briefs, with notes of appointments for the ensuing day, had been delivered by his clerk.

Sir R. Bethell, although at no time favourable to the press in the sense in which Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell were favourable, or indeed approving its general conduct, was not insensible to its influence, or possible influence, as it affected him personally. The comments of the leading journals, and of the *Times* in particular, whether favourable or otherwise, were from day to day cut out under his general directions, and pasted in a book. Under no circumstances, however, did he ever condescend to address a newspaper even for the purpose of rectifying an error. The slips of his speeches in the House of Commons, when furnished by Hansard for correction, were carefully and minutely perused, but, as a rule, received little emendation. His extra-judicial or extra-parliamentary utterances were few indeed. At a later period, as a peer, he was not above general addresses, and on a well-known occasion, before a meeting of a Young Men's Association, he permitted himself to use the language of self-laudation so as to strain the credulity of his most ardent admirers, by averring that his reputation as a lawyer was as nothing compared with that to which he was entitled as an eminent Christian man. His career had certainly illustrated some useful virtues—industry, abstemiousness, patience, and rare sacrifices for those near and dear to him ; but for all that the statement was somewhat startling.

The great merit which marked his forensic displays was a remarkable lucidity of statement, arising from clearness and readiness of conception, coupled with extraordinary power of marshalling any number of facts and collateral details in their best order, and in subordination to his main argument. This excellence was

no doubt the result of active energy of mind, moulded by a discipline unsparingly applied for a continuous period ; and was less difficult than might be imagined, because the mind was uniformly manipulating ideas, and applying principles, that had a general affinity.

His next distinctive peculiarity was a perspicuous and chaste style of diction ; he had laid to heart one of the best maxims of the rhetorician, to speak deliberately and with frequent pauses ; he never spoke rapidly ; never let slip anything so clumsily that he had to hasten the next sentence and the next to cover up the preceding ones, or to get away from them ; never repeated himself except for emphasis, and then designedly—in a word, there were no “frayed ends” about his public speaking. With all this, however, it must be admitted that his speaking contained not a single characteristic that was beyond the reach of a well educated man ; its signal excellence arose from contrast with the slovenly style which was prevalent among too many who bowed to the existing prejudice that a finished speaker must necessarily be a shallow lawyer. His speaking was slow and measured, seldom exceeding a hundred words a minute ; one result of this was that he was invariably well reported ; he was the joy of shorthand writers, his extra-judicial utterances required no patching up at the hands of the reporter. Indeed, David Copperfield, in his novitiate, could readily have managed to “take him.” But, after all, the style, as style, was too inflexible to be pleasing ; it answered its purpose, it is true, but it was noticeable that everything—the sarcasm, cold, cutting, and relentless, with which he hoped to scathe his opponent ; the reading of an affidavit, or a mystical argument on the principles of contingent remainders—all were pitched in the same key, served by the same vocabulary, and accompanied by the same gestures ; there were the gloved hands—the right uplifted, then closed, and the knuckles

brought down just upon the enormous fee figuring on the topmost brief of the pile before him, or else the first two fingers of the right hand were brought down with a little spiteful dart into the palm of the left hand, closing at once a period, an argument, and a sneer.

Although Mr. Bethell appeared to read exclusively in law, and had but little time for less profitable reading, and a great deal of his knowledge outside his profession consisted in knowing where to find what he wanted when he wanted it—it would have been hard to mention any work of merit in controversial theology, metaphysics, or logic, which was not to be found in his home library. He frequently made concise abstracts of books read, compressed into two or three sheets of letter paper. He would fold the sheet lengthwise into three, tabulate the contents, and in the inter-section enter his objections or illustrations. We remember reading with interest his abstract of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's work on *The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, the whole contained in six pages of letter paper pinned together, and left in the volume. Care, precision, and industry marked every performance great or small, and he desired the same qualities in those about him. Although it may be safely said of his general character and conduct that no man ever set him an example, and no man ever followed him, yet some of his characteristics in their uncombined form might well serve to rebuke the prevailing superficiality of the omnivorous reader.

When in 1861, on the demise of Lord Campbell, it was rumoured that Lord Palmerston intended to make Sir Richard Bethell chancellor, and when the announcement was officially made that he would be raised to the peerage as Baron Westbury, men were not slow to predict that so consummate an advocate would succumb to the rule, implicitly believed in since Lord Erskine's time, and prove but an indifferent judge. It is not too much

to say that they were absolutely mistaken in his career, so far as the administration of the system of equity was concerned. The soundness of his judgments has seldom been impeached, and the splendid abilities which he brought to support his office were never denied even by those who deplored his infirmities of temper and laxity of principle. As Chancellor nothing puzzled him, nothing conquered him, not even those difficulties which, though propounded by a man's own mind, are often more obdurate than those suggested by the keenest counsel. None of these things caused him to pause in the summary and scornful destruction of the tangled web of sophistical ingenuity, or in the reduction to a logical form of the most embarrassing complication of details. That he should be able to do so after his own long employment of these trappings, so serviceable to an advocate, was not very surprising; but the power and facility with which he stripped the case of bewildering accessories, and reduced it to a simple nude proposition, were masterly and brilliant. Although Lord Westbury on the wool-sack was placed beyond personal collision with his equals, he still exhibited that contemptuousness which had formed an unpleasant characteristic in the advocate. He delighted to find his object in those who had preceded him on the judgment seat; not satisfied with putting aside a judgment which he declined to admit as an authority, he must needs couple his rejection with the language of arrogant superiority. The more the authority had been emphasised in the course of the argument, the more he dilated upon it in disparaging terms; it was "wholly inapplicable," "formed on a gross misconception of the principles of the court," or "the expression of a view based on an imperfect apprehension of the doctrines of equity." No doubt he would have done well to remember the words of Lord Verulam, "Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly, for if

thou dost not it is a debt which will surely be paid when thou art gone;"<sup>1</sup> and better still to control the propensity when that predecessor had been numbered with the dead. But Lord Westbury cared for none of these things. It ought, however, to be recorded that no great reluctance existed on the part of the bar to plead before him; his manner, though at times peculiarly chilling, was not offensive; he was ready to encourage rising ability from a sincere sympathy with talent, learning, and industry. When he saw these united to profound deference of manner towards the Bench, he was kindness itself. We cannot remember that he was ever charged with making "a set" at an advocate in the manner that Lord Cottenham laid himself out to worry Mr. Knight Bruce, going so far indeed as to get the law altered to justify an improper decision given against the advocate. On the other hand his lordship, in his own court, gave a practical adhesion to the amusing dictum of Lord Lyndhurst "that it was one of the chief duties of a judge to render it disagreeable to counsel to talk nonsense."

From a layman's point of view, Lord Chelmsford as a judge, impressed one by his unfailing courtesy; Lord Campbell, by his judicial sobriety; Lord Truro (though the husband of a real princess), by his unpretentiousness; Lord Selborne by the kindness of his manner, faithfully reflecting the sweetness of his temper; and Lord Westbury by an arrogant consciousness of intellectual superiority. This was not confined to individuals, it extended to whole classes. Both as a practitioner and as a judge, it was easy to gather that he held the Common Law bar in very slight esteem; probably he thought with Lord Rosslyn "that great lawyers had always been found attached to the Chancery Bar," an assertion by the by which is not borne out by experience; indeed he frequently stated that equity was

<sup>1</sup> *Essays*—"On Great Place."

the only division of the profession worthy the pursuit of a man of ability; but he never ventured on any tangible slight. A good many *bons mots* attributed to him are purely apocryphal, and we will not even venture to affirm the originality of the following. On one occasion returning triumphant from a cause before the Chief Justice, and speaking of the Courts at Westminster (Common Law) and Lincoln's Inn (Equity), he remarked with a bland smile that he never returned from the West without a clearer and clearer conviction of the truth of the scripture, that the wise men came from the East:—a smart saying, but more probably traceable to the genuine wits of the eighteenth century than to a sedate Attorney-General of the Victorian era.

The satisfaction with which the profession regarded his elevation was not entirely unselfish; his withdrawal from active practice, released a large amount of litigation and circulated the capital which had been consolidated, so to speak, at No. 3, Stone Buildings. A great monopoly was removed, and the bar felt a grateful relief. Though no one envied him the appointment, there were some who from a party point of view thought that the services of one of the able chancellors in retirement might have been utilised. On the other hand the curiosity of the public was simply to see how a man, whose name had been before the country so long, would deport himself in the exalted position which he had fairly won. The average Englishman has a superstitious veneration for self-made men—men who rise from his own level. If the ascent is not sufficiently rugged to please his taste, the starting point must be put back, the son of a wealthy tradesman must become the son of a poor barber; any legend will please provided the extremes are wide enough asunder. It was under this delusion that public curiosity was fostered, and that on the morning of his taking his seat the Chancellor's court was crowded by the members of the bar, the general

public, and a large number of personal and political admirers. From the first, so far as personal dignity goes, he worthily supported his high office; he betrayed neither nervousness, nor confusion, nor jousiveness; he was perfectly self-conscious, but no one could fail to be convinced that not one iota of the dignity, power, or privileges attached to the Great Seal would be curtailed or diminished whilst it was in his keeping. It is, however, a matter of profound regret that during his tenure of office its lustre should have been dimmed by the breath of scandal. It may well be said that the culminating episode in his career is rather a warning than an example.

The perfect self-possession which Lord Westbury manifested in his court, and as Speaker of the House of Lords, might well have favoured the idea that he had reluctantly accepted a position beneath his merits, for which he had no very warm ambition; a dignified indifference however may well be affected by those who have firmly grasped the prize. In presiding over the deliberations of the House of Peers, his reproving manner, though more subdued, was disagreeable enough, and did not fail on several memorable occasions, to be firmly resented. For his encounters with Bishop Wilberforce we need only refer to the third volume of the *Life of that Prelate*. At state ceremonies, his mien was magnificent and impressive; his very tread that of a man who knew he had wedded himself to the history of his country, and whose slightest action would be chronicled—at least by the contemporary historian. As a chancellor he was not so slow as Eldon, nor had he the fatal precipitancy of Sir John Leach. Judicially he fulfilled the promise of his appointment, but the succour with which he requited his party in the Upper House was not consistently vigorous and thorough; and was disappointing to the more uncompromising members of the party. After his resignation (July 5, 1865) he was regular in his attendance in

the House, and by no means reluctant to enter into the debates. He frequently served as a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Nothing betokened the slightest decay of his intellectual vigour, although his political dissolution had taken place. The gravity of the matters upon which the House of Commons had censured him was not diminished by time; errors may be forgiven and atoned for, but he had committed a political and judicial blunder for which the political code of his party offered no place of repentance; that party dared not, if they would, have reinstated him in office, and he therefore never enjoyed the opportunities accorded to Lyndhurst, Eldon, and Cottenham of correcting, during a second term of office, the faults or omissions of his first.

Lord Westbury was a warm supporter of the Judicature Bill of Lord Selborne; he had no distinct share in its drafting, but the general principle of the measure was thoroughly in harmony with his opinions on the matter of fusion. He entirely disapproved of the Irish Land Bill of 1870; what would he have said of that of 1881?

The last conspicuous public function which he performed (and it was admitted on all hands admirably performed) was that of arbitrator in the case of the European Assurance Company. The labour was prodigious, the remuneration princely; whilst engaged on this duty his health gave unmistakable signs of breaking up. He died on Sunday the 21st July, 1873, at his residence, 75, Lancaster Gate, at the age of 73. A tardy tribute was paid to his memory in the Peers. In the Law Courts his demise was not even alluded to.

The manners of Lord Westbury had, during the last ten years, considerably hardened, and few but his own family, or those having business relations with him, sought or cared for his society. When the crowning honour had been filched from the hand of fortune, he was 63 years of age;

his domestic life had practically ceased to have any charm for him; his daughters, one after another, had married; his wife, long a confirmed invalid, was just dead. However uninviting the general features of this eminent lawyer's character, let us respect the affectionate complaisance which constrained him, with the coronet full in perspective, never once to thwart the matrimonial engagements of his daughters, so long as he was assured that they were based on mutual affection. His first thought was to supply them with adequate settlements, and if the fortunate husbands were provided with remunerative public posts, he merely followed the practice of his predecessors.

A peculiarity of Lord Westbury was his partiality for mortgage investments; another was for purchasing or renting large and even palatial residences for a very short time; then conceiving an aversion to them, and, at an enormous expense, moving into another mansion, the capricious choice of the moment, and so on continuously. One property which he purchased to gratify a whim required a domestic attendance of forty servants; sometimes he would be in the north, then in the west, then in the south of England; whilst chancellor he for the most part resided at Hackwood, and latterly at Lancaster Gate. After the decease of Lady Westbury, in 1863, his movements were more singular. There were other and less pardonable peculiarities which rumour was busy in disseminating, that from time to time received more or less of confirmation. The extreme imprudence with which indulgence of the grossest type was sought by one whose claims to Christian eminence we have already mentioned, long after the impetuosity of youth could be pleaded in extenuation, was a subject of surprise and disgust to many.

Lord Westbury was often spoken of as a wit, but not by those who knew him intimately, nor indeed would he himself admit the insinua-

tion. Sarcastic, if you like, but not witty, unless you use the word in its obsolete sense as "genius." Wit implies a certain unbending of the mind, which, in Lord Westbury's opinion, would have involved undignified concession; neither his voice nor his features nor his manner would have assisted a joke in its spontaneous efforts to explode. About the only thing of this kind which we can recall was when a counsel, a very prosy and confused speaker, was repeatedly reminding his lordship that his client had gone to a vast expense for *boring*. "So I perceive," at length replied Lord Westbury, "by the number of counsel he has retained in the case." The late Sir W. Erle used to tell a story of him, however, which if not witty is decidedly humorous. "Why," said he to Sir William, "do you not attend the Privy Council?" "Because I am old, and deaf, and stupid." "But that's no reason at all, for I am old, and Williams is deaf, and Colonsay is stupid, and yet we make an excellent Court of Appeal."<sup>1</sup> One of the most characteristic of his sayings was not, as is usually believed, uttered in the House of Lords. It was in delivering a Privy Council judgment in an Ecclesiastical case that he said, "These people have made up what they presume to call their minds."

If Lord Westbury be judged on his merits as a chancellor, he was probably a jurist of the highest order; if he be judged comparatively, he was not so great as Brougham, so profound as Eldon, nor so eloquent as Cockburn. But examine his whole career and you will find it cannot be matched by that of any other chancellor of recent times. All the qualities taken singly, which in their aggregate form, enabled him to climb to conspicuous station in the state, were more or less admirable; sometimes they overshadowed his frailties; sometimes his infirmities, but especially his insufferable arrogance,

<sup>1</sup> This is also given in the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, iii., 401.



neutralised the admiration we ought to feel, yet one moral blemish, a fatal laxity of principle, pulled him down from his high estate, exposed him to the derision of meaner men, and consigned him to comparative obscurity. In no spirit of uncharitableness we assert that his career from the moment he entered Parliament was a failure. To be paradoxical, we may say, had he been less clever he would have been more successful. His last utterance from the woolsack was the most graceful and dignified he ever delivered. It was a valedictory address, and could hardly fail to suggest some analogy with the fall of another high chancellor of low origin, Cardinal Wolsey. "With regard to the opinion which the House of Commons has pronounced," he said, "I do not presume to say a word. I am bound to accept the decision. I may, however, express the hope that after an interval of time calmer thoughts will

prevail, and feelings more favourable to myself be entertained. I am thankful for the opportunity which my tenure of office has afforded me to propose and pass measures which have received the approbation of Parliament, and which, I believe, nay, I will venture to predict, will be productive of great benefit to the country. With these measures I hope my name will be associated. I regret deeply that a great measure which I had at heart—I refer to the formation of a digest of the whole law—I have been unable to inaugurate; for it was not until this session that the means were afforded by Parliament for that purpose. That great scheme, my lords, I bequeath to be prepared by my successor."

The following suggested epitaph, which appeared in the *Spectator*, cleverly gathers up some of his personal characteristics, and his claims to recollection:—

Richard Baron Westbury,  
 Lord High Chancellor of England.  
 He was an eminent Christian,  
 An energetic and merciful Statesman,  
 And a still more eminent and merciful Judge.  
 During his three years' tenure of office  
 He abolished the ancient method of conveying land,  
 The time-honoured institution of the Insolvents' Court,  
 And  
 The Eternity of Punishment.  
 Towards the close of his earthly career  
 In the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council  
 He dismissed Hell with costs,  
 And took away from orthodox members of the  
 Church of England  
 Their last hope of everlasting damnation.

## EZA.

PERHAPS the place that most captivates the imagination in the Riviera is Eza. It has a peculiar fascination, a weird interest which causes it to stand out distinctly in all one's memories of that lovely region. There are numerous small towns and villages in the neighbourhood of Nice, built upon the tops of isolated hills and rocks; a mode of architecture adopted for the sake of salubrity, the low grounds being formerly unhealthy, and also for the sake of security in troublous times. Some of them are very remarkable. To the west, at the foot of a huge bluff which stands up like a haughty, feudal castle, forming from every point of view a most striking feature in the landscape, is the picturesque village of St. Jeannet. On one of the shoulders of Mont Chauve, perched on a height that falls precipitously into the wild gorge of St. Andre, is the quaint old village of Falicon. While crowning a bare rugged mountain ridge, on the eastern horizon beyond the Paglione, are the curious ruins of Chateauneuf or Petit Pompeii, a village that has been deserted for several hundred years, owing to the failure of the water supply. These hill-villages, dating most of them from the middle ages, tell of times of lawless violence and oppression when such "horns of salvation" were needed.

But more singular than any of them is the human eyrie of Eza. From the highest part of the Corniche Road looking down upon it—from the road along the sea-shore looking up to it—wherever it is visible, it presents an extraordinary appearance, clinging to the fearful summit of an isolated cliff, 1,300 feet high, and throwing its castle-like outline sharp and clear against the blue sky. Long years of

exposure to sun and rain have browned the buildings into the hue of the rock, so that it is difficult to tell sometimes which is crag and which is human habitation. The sympathy between them is so profound that they have grown into each other's likeness, and art has blended with nature, and nature has associated itself with art. You cannot imagine that arid peak without its village as its appropriate crown; and you cannot think of the village as suitably placed anywhere else. The combination is exceedingly suggestive to the imagination. We see it in its highest perfection in the Parthenon, the most perfect specimen of human workmanship, forming the lovely capital of nature's rude and massive pillar; the rough contour and native hues of the rock giving higher expression to the graceful lines and rich mellow tone of the marble edifice; and the finished work of art reflecting a glory upon the rough work of nature. It is the same kind of idea, in a lower form, that is suggested by the picturesque cluster of houses on the lofty rock of Eza. It conveys the silent lesson of the triumph of human skill and power over material forces; the appropriate culmination of the efforts of nature in the work of that creature who stands at the apex of creation, to whom was given the lordship of the earth, and the task of completing and interpreting its works. It speaks of those qualities which in human nature we admire as the grandest and most enduring. Eza, as a moral study, affords subjects of thought for a whole summer day.

There is not a fairer scene in the Riviera than the bay at the foot of this eagle's nest, to which a variety of names has been given. It has been

called the Bay of the Moors ; for on its quiet, sheltered shore, stealthy pirates from the Algerian coast used to land on their predatory expeditions. But its most appropriate name is the Mare d'Eza, which the country people fondly give it : for it derives much of its charm and interest from the romantic village that hangs over it, perched on its lofty mountain crag, and we love to think more of its peaceful associations than of its memories of storm and strife. It is about eight miles distant on the eastern or Genoa side of Nice. The railway passes along its curve, and there is a small station by its side. But the grandeur of nature around almost obliterates the lines of human art ; and the trains are so infrequent, and the passengers who stop here so few, that the deep immemorial quiet of the place is hardly disturbed. Only a suggestion of the great world beyond is brought now and then into the solitude, enough to enhance it and give it a human interest. The great projecting rocks of Point de Cabéel shut it in on the east ; and the perpendicular wall of soft yellow limestone, called Cape Roux, which rises so abruptly from the sea, that both road and rail have to pass through it in tunnels, shuts out the view in the west, with the exception of the wild headland, and white martello tower of St. Hospice just appearing beyond. Turning the corner of this western ridge of rocks, you pass at once out of a region so exposed to the sun, and so protected from the winds, that it has earned the name of "*La Petite Afrique*," from its almost tropical warmth, into a cool, soft, shady realm, where the leaves are thick on bough and spray, and the mild airs breathe a balmy breath ; an enchanted place haunted for ever by harmonies of winds and waves. The limpid waters of the Mediterranean here gleam on the white sand in bickering hues of emerald and sapphire ; and the little ripples murmur softly as they glide into the embracing arms of the rounded shore. You see in the

crystal depths, pearly shells, tufts of crimson sea-weeds, and curious marine creatures unknown in our country ; while over them, like long-fringed lashes over sparkling eyes, twisted carouba branches, dusky olives, and pale-green lemon trees droop pensively their shadowy foliage, reaching in many places to the water-line.

Along the curve of the bay there is an almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation ; and in and out among the roots of the frequent trees, runs the soft green verdure of grass and lowly herbage, interspersed with blue gleams of borage and hyacinth and yellow and ruddy flames of jonquils and anemones. Far above all signs of cultivation rises a grand bold frontage of rocks, some thousand feet in height, whose arid desolation contrasts strikingly with the rich foliage at their feet. But heaven cares for them, and has clothed them with its own soft hues—pearly grays, and richly varied shades of red, purple and yellow, so that they have a bloom of beauty, which, with their own broken and picturesque outlines, constitutes a picture upon which the eye is never weary of gazing. In two places the rampart of rock is broken down into deep ravines, clothed halfway up with straggling stunted pines, whose stony bottom, sun-bleached and bare, has lost for a time the rejoicing music and sparkle of the torrent recalled to its native skies. Immediately below the cliffs, the aerial village is hid from view by the rocky rim of the horizon ; but at the western end of the bay its isolated rock comes out distinctly from the mass, and the grey clustered roofs at the top, battered and wrinkled with age, are clearly outlined against "the eternal youthfulness of the sky." It is a sight that fascinates the eye. You have the same irresistible desire to ascend the precipice, as you would have from the top to throw yourself down. You must yield to the attraction. You must see for yourself what kind of life—what new experiences there are at that serene altitude, so high above,

and so far removed from the ordinary world. From below it seems impossible to get up there without wings. On all sides the rock falls away so precipitously, that it would be difficult for a goat, or mountain-cat to find footing on its ledges and crevices. Immediately overhead a tremendous cliff, tawny, and streaked with long dark lines, left by trickling rains and mural vegetation temporarily nourished by them, confronts you without a break on its perpendicular face. But at its foot there is a gradual slope extending down to the road, formed by the *débris* of its slow wasting through untold ages, covered with pine-wood. Here a zig-zag path has been made, which takes you up to a nick or hollow that winds between the precipitous rocks for about a quarter of the distance, from whence the rest of the way is easy.

You begin the ascent opposite the railway station, in the faith that your path will be revealed to you as you advance, and with a delightful feeling of being bound upon an adventure, exploring the mysterious and unknown. At first you linger over the easy and gradual track, as it leads you under fig-trees, putting forth from their twisted ghostly boughs, that seem ever to retain the winter rime of their naked state, those tender green leaves which tell that summer is nigh, and locust trees, with their ash-like keys of pods hanging among their thick varnished foliage; past golden broom, and gray cistus bushes covered with pink and yellow blossoms, looking at a distance like the wild dog-roses of our own hedges, but so delicate and filmy that they fall off almost at a touch—until you come to the pines, whose strong aromatic fragrance is like burning cedar in the hot sunshine, and leave behind the softer vegetation of the shore. Numberless objects attract your attention, quickened and enlarged by the sense of enjoyment. Here you see the huge white silky bags of the procession-caterpillar on the highest branches of the pines; and perhaps you

may find the caterpillars themselves moving across the needle-strewn path, one behind the other, forming a long unbroken line, and looking like a thin mottled snake, dragging its slow length along. There myriads of little brown lizards dart about on the warm rocks; and a hole opens in the bank into the curious galleries of an ant's nest. A bird, with a strange robin-like note, thrills the air with its song; and a gorgeous butterfly flits past, with its wide iridescent wings glancing in the sunshine. You pause at the top of the wood to survey the wonderful scene below; the fringe of varied foliage at the foot of the rocks, the bright mirror of the bay, reflecting every object along the shore with a soft clearness perfectly magical, and far out, the calm sea melting in its blueness of sympathy into the blue heavens; with a few touches of the outer world given by the white sail of a distant ship, and the thin smoke of the village of St. Jean, at the end of the promontory, rising faintly up above the olive trees. The path hitherto is much exposed to the sun, which beats full upon it with almost tropical heat. From this circumstance, and its short sharp turns and stony surface, it is somewhat toilsome. But at the top of the wood it passes into a romantic hollow between two cliffs, and loses sight of the sea and the shore. Here it is pleasant to rest, among great masses of rock that have fallen down from the gigantic cliff projecting overhead, and enjoy the shade created by clumps of bushy-headed pine, sombre plumes of tall cypresses, and tangled underwood of myrtle, lentiscus, and yellow euphorbias, matted together by the creeping stems and spotted sagittate leaves of the wild thorny sarsaparilla.

Emerging from this dim haunt, where the cheated hours all day sing vespers, and even the hottest noon preserves a core of coolness, the path rounds the corner, and is formed along the steep slope of the eastern ravine. Here the scenery is exceedingly wild and romantic, the rocks on either side rising

up precipitously to a great height, with pine trees growing in their crevices and along their crests. At the head of the ravine there is a charming nook, where some rich soil has accumulated, which is laid out in uneven little patches like hanging shelves, requiring the most careful keeping in repair of their low walls, lest the soil should be washed away by the rains. The vivid greenness of the early wheat in these patches, and the bean-stalks in full bloom, whose sweet breath had a pleasant suggestiveness of home, formed a refreshing contrast to the naked glare of the white rocks around. The cultivated soil attracted many bright weeds rich in colouring—tufts of sweet-scented violets, gorgeous poppies, crimson gladiolus, pearly white stars of Bethlehem, and other plants of the asphodel tribe. The boughs of the almond and nectarine trees were still covered with the exquisite pink blossoms, acquiring a deeper blush from the background of the sea-green foliage of the olives, among which they were imprisoned like sunset-clouds. A rough picturesque farm-house, round which all this cultivated beauty gathered, imparted a human interest to the oasis in the wilderness.

Dry and barren as the rocks by the wayside appeared, the botanist could gather a rich harvest among them. Their shady recesses were often adorned with cushions of green moss, embroidered with rosettes of beautiful and rare lichens; grey-green *Squammaria crassa* with flesh-coloured shields, and primrose-coloured *Placodium fulgens* with orange fruit. Ferns grew in profusion in the crevices; our own maiden-hair spleenwort, which is found almost everywhere, the scaly ceterach, the common polypody, the loveliest little tufts of tender wall-rue spleenwort imaginable with much-divided fronds, and the greatest prize of all, Petrarch's spleenwort, which shyly hid itself in the most secret crannies, and strove to pass itself off as the common maiden-hair species—which it

much resembles superficially. The *Asplenium Petrarchae* is now one of the rarest ferns of the Riviera, whereas it used to be one of the most abundant. In the eastern and western ravines of Eza it formerly grew in great abundance; but the walking parties organised by the late Mr. Copland of Nice, about twenty years ago, and the numerous visitors since, have nearly extirpated it. Some tufts may still be found on the grotesque rocks of Mont Vinaigrier, and on the highest cliffs of Mont Boron facing the town of Nice. It is a very pretty fern, with a thicker habit than its near ally the *A. trichomanes*, and a richer mass of brown fructification at the back. It mostly grows in small dense tufts; but the specimens on the rocks of Eza have long and slender fronds, and grow out of deep crevices, from which it is almost impossible to extract the roots. It is very interesting for its own sake, and still more for the sake of the classic name it bears, which is associated with this neighbourhood; for Petrarch must have traversed the Corniche Road on his way to Avignon and the Fountain of Vaucluse. The white drooping star of the *Leucoium Nicaense*, with its rich orange stamens, looking like a snowdrop touched with a live coal from off the altar of summer—a flower found nowhere else in the world, except in the narrow strip of ground between Eza and Nice—gave the interest of its own rarity and beauty to the spots which it haunted. While here and there the round leaves of the pennywort, as fresh and succulent as on our own sea-side walls and rocks, adorned the weather-worn stones, and braved the scorching drought and heat.

Emerging from the slope of the ravine to the neck of land at its highest point, connecting the rock of Eza with the rocks to the east of it, there is here a wide open space, with natural benches shaded by trees and bushes, inviting to repose and enjoyment of the view. From this vantage

ground the outlook is indeed grand. Far below, the blue Mediterranean is seen framed between walls of lofty rock, fringed with picturesque umbrella-pines, their deep green foliage contrasting in a most striking manner with the azure of the sea; while high above, the cliffs of Eza come out on the sky-line, with the ramparts and houses of the village, brown with age, and shaggy with masses of pellitory and the luxuriant African ivy, standing out in relief against the glowing noonday sky. The confused masses of rock on either side of the path here are painted with frescoes of the most brilliant lichens, olive, yellow, brown, and the brightest orange. I never saw before such vivid hues in this class of vegetation. The yellow wall *Parmelia*, which glorifies the poor man's cottage and haloes with its sunset hue the crumbling ruin at home, here becomes almost scarlet in the dazzling sunshine. It was a feast of colour, confused and varied, like a glorified painter's palette. It seemed as if here were prepared the tints with which nature adorned her later productions—the flowers and the trees.

At the foot of the final ascent, where the path from the shore joins the path from the Corniche road, there is a copious fountain; and here there was a picturesque group of peasant women from Eza, filling their vessels or washing their clothes. The bright sparkle of the fountain, the sound of the falling water, and the charmed circle of emerald verdure and foliage around it, were so refreshing amid the white arid rocks of the spot. We know water elsewhere as a source of refreshment and as a motive power, but here it is a creator and mediator. The lands of the sun require even more of the sweat of man's face to make them productive than the cold ungenial realms of the north. The sun scorches and destroys, and becomes the parent of abundant life only when man brings in the soft mediating influence of water. The dry ribs of the earth are then clothed

with beauty and fruitfulness. But still, one has always the feeling that the semi-tropical luxuriance of bloom and fruit that has been created and kept alive on those parched, sun-baked rocks by the incessant and continuous watering of man, that has no spontaneity or self-sustaining power about it, is "like flowers cast upon the stony sarcophagus of the earth." All the water used for domestic purposes has to be carried up to Eza from this fountain, an ascent of about five hundred feet. The labour involved in this is so great, that we do not wonder that the village is being gradually abandoned, and the population diminishing seriously. The conditions of life are too hard at that elevation to be long submitted to; and the necessity for living in such places no longer exists. The towns in the neighbourhood have grown recently to such a size and importance that they powerfully attract the dwellers in the hill villages, who gladly abandon their laborious ways for easier modes of living.

Coming close up to the rocks on which the houses of the village are built, they present a very imposing frontage. Great clusters of campanulas hang from all the ledges, mixed with tufts of common polypody, giving to the rocks a peculiarly homelike appearance. The fern, indeed, is the British species; but the campanula—*C. macrorhiza*—though closely resembling the slender blue-bell, that springs elastic from the airy tread of the Scottish maiden on the Highland bank, is not the same. It has more luxuriant foliage, its colour is of a deeper and more purplish blue, and its corolla is wider in the mouth and flatter in the shape, a peculiarity which belongs to all the Italian campanulas, and distinguishes them from all others; while its roots are larger and thicker. Still, in spite of these differences, it is so like our own familiar flower, that it awoke a thrill of pleasant recognition in my heart, and gathered to itself a host of



tender associations and memories of far-off days and scenes. It seemed strange to see a flower which one is accustomed to connect with the beginning of autumn, blooming in fresh beauty at the beginning of March. At home it brings up thoughts of the decay into which all the summer loveliness is soon to pass; but here it is connected with the rejuvenescence of nature, and the unfolding of vernal life to higher perfection. As even in this southern clime it blooms later at this height than down on the shore, so latitude corresponds to altitude, and as we go north and so climb the great mountain of the globe itself, we find the spring flower becoming an autumn one, and what was lost months before in the sunny south, blooming anew on the upland pastures and by the waysides of the chill north. On the rocks beside the blue-bell clusters, was another fair sight, of a far humbler character, which struck me greatly. Amid the wealth of rich and varied colouring caused by the growth of lichens, one species spreads in large patches of a bright pink hue. Indeed, the whole surface of the rock is incarnadined with this lichen, whose colour is almost unique in this class of plants. It is called *Verrucaria calciseda*, variety *purpurascens*, and is found, though exceedingly rare, on calcareous rocks in one or two localities in England. In the neighbourhood of Nice it is frequent and characteristic, giving a pink hue to the limestone bluff of St. Jeannet, the rocks of the Deserted Village, the promontory of St. Hospice, and the cliffs of Mont Boron. There is one very remarkable peculiarity about it. The fructification, which consists of little round black dots smaller than the smallest pin-head, lies in minute nests or cavities, which these dots have worked out in the hard rock. Many of the sockets were empty, the fructification having ripened and scattered its microscopic seeds; and the surface of the rock under a magnifying-glass had the appearance of a skin pitted

by the small-pox. It was a most suggestive problem how long the little black dots had taken to honeycomb the hard Jurassic limestone upon which my chisel could only with the utmost difficulty make an impression. What could be weaker and more impassive than these microscopic dots of tender cellular tissue? And yet by the sheer force and infinite patience of life, when reduced to its humblest form, the flinty rock is bored at last. Perhaps the little bits of vegetable jelly had worked on uninterruptedly for four or five hundred years to produce the result we see to-day. We know not their age, for they are the tireless workers of Him to whom a thousand years are but as one day. It was a small illustration, but it could not have been more convincing if it had been on the largest scale, of the power of life, even the lowest and minutest, over the dead matter and lifeless forces of the earth.

Passing under an old archway in the wall—whose moulding is made more beautiful and picturesque by the largest unbroken mass of polypody fronds I ever saw, wreathing it completely round with nature's own carvings—you enter the village. The street is rough but well paved, with an ornamental band of red bricks running up the centre. It is very steep, and the houses on either side have all the quaint picturesqueness of a mediæval town. Some of them must be very old; their foundations, if not indeed most of their superstructures, dating from Saracenic times. They are solidly built, and all the floors and doorways are arched with stone. Curious were the glimpses into shady corners and queer old staircases which one obtained in passing by. Centuries have passed over these houses without any change. Here and there the ancient and the modern times were incongruously brought together, by seeing on a grotesque old gable of the age of the Crusades, the gaudy tin ticket of some French fire insurance company—a work of super-

erogation one would think, for nothing in these solid stone houses could burn. Here an old woman sits on a doorstep, so very old and torpid that she does not notice you, her poor faded dress in keeping with her own venerable appearance and the aged, grimy stones around; there you come suddenly upon that commonest of all pictures of human life, yet always fresh to eye and heart, the sweet Madonna face, wearing the loveliest of all expressions, gazing down at the babe in her lap. A few steps farther on a child looks at you for a moment from an archway, and, like a startled fawn, disappears into the shadows within; while a dog persistently follows you, and resents your intrusion with his loud barking. But beyond these there are no other signs of life in the place. The inhabitants are enjoying their noon-day *siesta*, or are absent at the fountain at the foot of the rock, or in the fields around it. An *eerie* sensation comes over you. You feel so lonely, so isolated, so far above the world, so remote from the scenes of your ordinary life. Any kind of adventure in such a place might seem possible. Dark tales of Moorish times haunt the imagination; and you feel that the people of the place are the descendants of those who used to descend from their eyrie, and, like birds of prey, ravage the surrounding coasts and commit all kinds of cruelty. At last you get above the houses, and lose the stifling feeling of being confined between their narrow walls, upon the naked platform that crowns the highest point of the rock. Here there are some fragments of an ancient castle, said to have been founded by the Saracens in 814. These consist of a portion of a vaulted roof and a high wall, with a huge hole in the masonry, giving it the appearance of an arch. The floor is formed of the naked rock, which here has been artificially levelled. Altogether the relics are remarkably picturesque, and are associated with a very stirring period in the history of the Riviera.

After the downfall of the Roman Empire, the Lombards held possession of Eza for more than two hundred years. At the close of this period the Saracens assailed the towns of the Ligurian littoral; and in order to oppose successfully this terrible enemy, these towns banded together and placed themselves under the protectorate of Genoa in 729. Charlemagne also afforded them substantial help; and during his time the Saracens were unable to effect a landing upon any part of these shores. But no sooner was the great emperor dead than the pirates mustered their forces, and seized and held, one after the other, the best positions in Provence. They soon became masters of the whole region, strengthened themselves on the mountains around Monaco, at St. Agnes and Turbia, and built the castle of Eza, and the fortress of Fraxinet on the highest point of the peninsula of St. Hospice, upon the site of a Roman village called Fraxinetum, from the forest of ash-trees by which it was surrounded. From these strongholds they issued forth from time to time, pillaging the whole country, harassing the inhabitants, and burning the towns. From Nice to Albengo was one scene of ruin and desolation. This Saracenic invasion powerfully affected the imagination of the inhabitants of Provence, and furnished them with subjects for romantic ballads, slight traces of which still remain. It was the golden age of Haroun Al Raschid and his successors, when Moorish art and literature had reached their highest point of excellence; but so great was the hatred of the Provençals to their Moslem invaders, that beyond a few words of Arabic origin introduced into their language, they derived no benefit from the enforced association. So turbulent were the times, the only breathing space being an armed truce between the Christian and the Moor, that only hasty and broken reflections of the national mind could be thrown upon the agitated surface of life. These reflections were

mirrored in the romances which were the special product of the period. When these storms passed away, and men had some security of their lives and possessions, and had some leisure to cultivate the arts of peace, the drama, which is the legitimate offspring of calm and settled conditions of life, reflected on its serene bosom the pictures of peace.

It was not till 980 that the Saracens were driven from Provence by the first Viscount of Marseilles and Count of Arles. He took the fortress of the Great Fraxinet and Eza and razed them to the ground, and drove the Moors from stronghold to stronghold, until at last they were finally expelled from the country. In these exploits one Giballin Grimaldi, a noble of Genoese origin, took a prominent part; his brilliant services being rewarded by the possession of the territory of Monaco, which his descendants have continued to hold as an independent principality ever since. A long period of obscurity followed the expulsion of the Saracens. The Counts of Provence left almost no record of their rule behind. We do not hear of Eza again till the year 1303, when Charles of Anjou acquired it along with Monaco and Turbia by purchase, and converted it into a fief in favour of Nicholas Spinola, a member of one of the great Genoese houses, who paid him a small rent for it. These were the days of bitter strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. During a lull in the civil war, the Guelphs who had been driven out of Genoa were allowed to return, and take back their confiscated possessions; while those of them who did not wish to settle under the direct eye of a Ghibelline ruler were left free to establish themselves at Nice, Turbia, and Eza, without being subject to any tax, or the payment of any tribute. But this truce did not long continue. The proud, tyrannical conduct of the Spinolas aroused once more the slumbering hatred between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and all the horrors of a civil war began anew. The cause of

the Guelphs triumphed, and the Spinolas were driven from the Riviera; and Nice, Turbia, and Eza reverted once more to the Counts of Provence, and after them to the Angevin sovereigns of Naples. At the end of the fourteenth century Eza was sold along with the other territories around Nice, by Ladislaus to Amadeus VII. of Savoy, in whose family it remained, with the exception of a short period of twenty-two years during the French Revolution, down to its cession to France in 1860, as one of the results of the Italian war. Isolated as is the position of Eza, it has thus passed through many vicissitudes. Ligurians, Romans, Lombards, Saracens, Genoese, Italians, French have successively owned it. And the creeds which its people have professed have been as varied as their civil history. The nature-worship of the primitive Ligurians gave place to the paganism of Rome and Egypt; this was supplanted by the Christian faith, which in its turn was uprooted by the Moslem; and finally the crescent was superseded by the cross.

The fragment of the vaulted roof belonging to the ancient Moorish castle, still retaining its smooth plastered surface and crimson fresco from Saracenic times, affords a grateful shade from the noonday sun, which on this exposed plateau beats down with unmitigated heat. It must be somewhat trying to live upon this barren rock, exposed to the alternations of heat and cold, without any tree or bush to modify the temperature. The people have perceptibly a more swarthy complexion than those of the surrounding district; though how much of this is due to the effect of exposure to the weather, or to the admixture of Saracenic blood, it would be difficult to say. There is hardly any vegetation on the top, with the exception of some tufts of gray rosemary, and tall stems of lilac mallows springing from the crevices of the rock. The view is not so extensive as might be expected from such an elevated position. It

embraces but a small part of the coast in front, and at the back is shut in by the lofty ridge of Mont Roux. Nevertheless it presents a charming marine landscape, on which the effects of light and shade are continually changing. Eza, though such a remarkable object when it is in the focus of your vision, is usually hid among the surrounding rocks which are higher than itself; and hence is disadvantageously situated for a full view of the coast. The grand view of the Riviera, which excels all others, is that which is obtained from the Tête de Chien, the bold projecting precipice overhanging Monaco, a short distance beyond Eza. This magnificent coign of vantage commands the whole coast-line from San Remo to the Maure Mountains above St. Tropez. From the top of Eza the inland view is especially confined. It is simply that of a long slope between two walls of rock, richly cultivated in terraces, and clothed with olive and almond trees, climbing up to the highest part of the Corniche Road, and finally ending in bare gray stony peaks. A stream runs down this slope in a series of small pools and waterfalls, nourishing an unusual amount of verdure along its course; but it is often almost dry, and the sound of its trickling waters is hardly heard. A capital road, fit for carriages, leads up beneath the deep shadow of aged olives to the Corniche Road.

This hollow behind Eza, which must have taken long ages to scoop out by the incessant wearing of the drop upon the stone, is a beautiful oasis amid the white, burning rocks around. It contains the fields which the inhabitants laboriously cultivate, and upon the produce of which they subsist. The pastoral life of ancient Greece might be reproduced among these olive groves; for hardly anything has been changed by the intervening centuries, and the objects of nature and the modes of life belong to the old classical world and not to the mechanical civilisation of the west. Pan might still be worshipped here; and the white shape of

fawn or dryad, glancing among the trees, would be no unexpected sight. But such dreams of the world's youth are put to flight by the stern faith of the world's older and wiser years. A church with a fine campanile occupies a level plateau below the castle, from which the rock descends in a steep escarpment, and not only completes the picturesque appearance of the place, but dominates the whole character of the scene. Under its shadow, the heart turns away from the outward beauty of nature, to the higher inner beauty of self-sacrifice; and the simple natural earth becomes at once the vestibule of heaven. All the objects around have suggestive lessons, appealing to the deeper things of the human soul; the fig-tree preaching its parable of the withering that awaits all barrenness; the lilies reading their lesson of a kind and watchful Providence, and illuminating the Sermon on the Mount; the olives flourishing, not for the sake of their own oil of gladness, but as the solemn memorials of the Garden of the Agony; and the sheep coming down the rocky path, following their human guide, pointing the thoughts in an infinite tenderness to the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep. The site of the church has been held sacred from a remote antiquity. We know not what altar of a primitive faith smoked here, in the dim ages when the Ligurians built their huts upon the rock, long before the Phœceans came and introduced their arts and their religion among a conquered people. But after the Greeks came the Romans; and when they domesticated all the idols of the earth at the Capitol, they brought to this remote spot the worship of the Egyptian goddess Isis, and erected in her honour the temple, which is supposed with much probability to have given its name of Eza to the village.

No more appropriate situation for such a worship could anywhere be found. On such a lofty vantage ground, with such a grand out-look,

with nothing but the primitive elements of sea and rock and sky around, the veil of Isis might well have been lifted off her countenance, and a clearer revelation given of the mystery of the world. It might seem as if the living spirit of the universe manifested itself, in the glorious scenic apocalypse for ever visible on that height, to the eye and the soul. In the vast Egyptian plains, the passivity and sameness of nature might form an impenetrable veil to hide her face; but here in this upper western air, the quick play of light and shade, the incessant motion of the winds and the waves, the ever-changing hues and forms of the landscape, might seem like so many smiles and thoughts of her inner nature—so many glimpses of her heart. But whether the Isis worship satisfied the spiritual craving of the people or not, it was ere long abandoned, and the ruins of its temple cumbered the spot, until converts from Phrygia and other parts of Asia Minor—the region from which the Isis worship had been introduced by the Romans—began to propagate the Christian faith in the Jewish settlements that had been formed along the shores of Provence. In the time of Nero, St. Barnabas and afterwards St. Nazaire, and later still St. Bassus and his successor St. Pons, whose monastery stands upon the scene of his martyrdom in the valley of the Paglione, proclaimed the Gospel at Nice; while St. Devote, the patron saint of Monaco, suffered for Christ during the persecution of Diocletian. We may well suppose that the truths so nobly witnessed to by these martyrs would, ere many years had passed away, be established among the towns and villages of Liguria, and be expressed in sacred institutions. A Christian church has been in Eza

from a very early period. The present building is only the renovation of a much older one. On either side of the principal door are stones, with carvings and inscriptions that belonged to the original pagan temple.

The architectural palimpsest suggests many reflections. As the Jordan, the river of the stern Jewish land and faith, rises among the fair scenes of Banias dedicated to the sunny worship of the god Pan, and the rill of pagan faith flows into the river that maketh glad the city of God; so here, too, the Christian church is built upon the ruins of the pagan temple, and the mystery of Isis lies at the base of the mystery of the kingdom of God, which Jesus explained to His disciples in His nature parables. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began. But even it too is the wisdom of God in a mystery. The pagan saw the mystic fire in the bush of nature; the Christian heard out of it the articulate voice. But to both, the "I am that I am!" was verily a God that hideth Himself. Both nature and Revelation uplift their Isis veil to us in vain. When we have penetrated one enigma, another and a deeper one is created by our knowledge. The veil is a mystery till it is lifted; and when it is lifted, the face itself becomes a more inscrutable mystery. The "open secret" of the universe is more inconceivable and unexplainable than the veiled secret. And Eza, too, like the name which it bears, when we have penetrated into the heart of the village, and stood on its arx, remains a mystery to us; but one that, when we look back upon it, like a sunset cloud, becomes golden with the light of memory.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

## A CANADIAN STUDY OF "THE PRINCESS."

THERE is naturally a peculiar interest belonging to the impressions made on members of a young community by works of art produced among the conditions of an old and complex civilisation. Such interest is by no means absent in the treatment of questions of form and execution, but it belongs more especially to the discussion of the meaning and spirit of an artist's work, and its relation to human life and thought; and it often happens that the existence of a community of language between an author and his critic only seems to emphasise the difference of the conditions of mental life in the societies to which they respectively belong. Not long ago the American poet, or what might rather be called the sinewy *torso* of a poet, Walt Whitman, spoke of Mr. Tennyson's poetry as "the last honey of decaying feudalism," and placed him with Scott in the evening of an intellectual day in which Chaucer and Shakespeare had been glories of the noon and afternoon. It is not uninteresting to observe the different point of view from which the English poet's work is regarded by another critic, who has not indeed much in common with Mr. Whitman beyond the attribute of being "transatlantic," but shows independence of judgment as well as appreciative insight in a little book lately published in Montreal, and entitled, *A Study, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, of Alfred Tennyson's poem, "The Princess,"* by S. E. Dawson. If for no other reason, it might be worth pausing to notice, because *The Princess* seems to have received somewhat less than its due share of attention as well as of praise. Mr. Dawson has taken the trouble to study

the history of its reception by reviewers, and has collected disparaging criticisms of it, chiefly from periodical publications, ranging from its first appearance to the last year or two, and pronounces the "critics with a keener sense of appreciation" to have been always few. To the latter, however, he unmistakably belongs himself.

Before considering his view of the aim and meaning of the poem, we may note some of his remarks on its artistic qualities. With reference to its artistic unity—"medley" though it avowedly be—and to the skill with which its motive and significance are never forgotten, although never obtruded, he has a passage (somewhat redundantly expressed) of much truth and insight, the most valuable, I think, in his little book (pp. 35—37).

"We must look" (he says) "for the hero or heroine of the story; that is, for the one person who comes triumphant out of the turmoil. It is not either of the kings, for they are utterly brought to nought. Nor the battered Cyril, kissing the hem of the princess's garment for a boon; nor Arac, who has interest in nothing but the tournament. It cannot be the prince, for he has been ignominiously thrust out of Ida's gates in dragged female clothes. Nor is it even the grand princess, for she is vanquished at the moment of triumph. The poem is a medley in this respect, for the leading characters are all vanquished. All, save one—Psyche's baby—she is the conquering heroine of the epic. Ridiculous in the lecture-room, the babe, in the poem, as in the songs, is made the central point upon which the plot turns; for the unconscious child is the concrete embodiment of Nature herself, clearing away all merely intellectual theories by her silent influence. Ida feels the power of the child. The postscript of the despatch sent to her brother in the height of her indignation, contains, as is fitting, the kernel of the matter. She says:

"I took it for an hour in mine own bed  
This morning; there the tender orphan  
hands



Felt at my heart, and seemed to charm  
from thence

The wrath I nursed against the world—'

Rash princess! that fatal hour dashed

"the hopes of half the world."

Alas for these hopes! The cause, the great  
cause, totters to the fall, when the head con-  
fesses—

"I felt

Thy helpless warmth about my barren  
breast

In the dead prime.'

"Whenever the plot thickens the babe  
appears. It is with Ida on her judgment-seat.  
In the topmost height of the storm the wail  
of the 'lost lamb at her feet' reduces her  
eloquent anger into incoherence. She carries  
it when she sings her song of triumph. When  
she goes to tend her wounded brothers on the  
battle-field she carries it. Through it, and for  
it, Cyril pleads his successful suit, and wins it  
for the mother. For its sake the mother is  
pardoned. O fatal babe! more fatal to the  
hopes of woman than the doomful horse to  
the proud towers of Ilion—for through thee  
the walls of pride are breached, and all the  
conquering affections flock in.

"We can see now that the unity which  
runs through the songs is continuous also  
throughout the poem; and that the songs are  
not snatches of melody thrown in to diversify  
the interest, but are integral parts of the  
main motive of the piece. The true sphere of  
woman is in the family. The grand mission  
of woman is the conservation and elevation of  
the human race through the family. For the  
family is the molecule of society. It is the  
one and only stable and divinely appointed  
institution."

He has before remarked the more  
obvious feature of the poem, that the  
same reference to the child as the type  
and bond of family life runs through  
four of the six interposed songs,  
which might be said to supply a kind  
of chorus in the intervals between the  
divisions of the narrative. The pro-  
fundity and delicacy as well as the  
simplicity of this motive remind us  
of the "open secrets," the penetrating  
but unobtrusive meanings in the  
masterpieces of Greek poetry or sculp-  
ture. This quality, combined with the  
perfection of execution, makes the im-  
mortality of the rhymed songs no less  
assured than that of "Tears, idle  
tears," or "O swallow, swallow," in  
which it may be said that a new and  
exquisite capacity of English blank

verse has been revealed, rivalling in  
honeyed sweetness the more fortuitous  
vehicle of rhyme, of which Milton was  
constrained to speak contemptuously,  
though on occasion he could use it also  
with a master hand.

Mr. Dawson, like most commenta-  
tors on Mr. Tennyson, has noted several  
parallelisms between lines or pas-  
sages of this poet and lines or passages  
to be found in his predecessors; but  
more wisely than some critics he re-  
frains from hastily reckoning these  
resemblances as defects, even when  
they are more than accidental. There  
is one plain test of whether a poet de-  
serves admiration or disparagement for  
having borrowed a thought or phrase,  
and that is, whether it is or is not  
beautiful and harmonious in its new  
form and place. If it be woven into a  
texture of marked inferiority, it will  
itself rather lose than gain by its too  
marked superiority to its environment.  
This, for instance, is the effect which  
the thick-strewn adaptations of Virgil's  
lines by Tasso produce at least on some  
readers—perhaps only on those who  
are imperfectly familiar with the niceties  
of the Italian tongue. But it is  
by no means the effect of the adapta-  
tions in Virgil himself, or of those in  
Dante or in Milton. We may say that  
(at any rate where the elder and  
younger poet write in different tongues)  
when the thought and vision of the  
elder have been thoroughly grasped  
by the younger, recognised by him as  
applicable to some new occasion created  
by his own art, and finally embodied in  
his own language and style, it will be  
only an added refinement of pleasure  
to be able to say, when stirred by the  
half old, half new delight,

"Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma."

Some of Mr. Tennyson's critics, had  
they been contemporaries of Dante,  
would doubtless have blamed the plagia-  
rism of that line. But Landor's is  
the true motto for a poet:

"Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art; "

such art, that is, as is genuine, sane,

and enduring, being itself a part of nature.

"For Nature is made better [or is idealised]  
by no mean  
But Nature makes that mean."

Of the innumerable proofs Mr. Tennyson has given of fresh and independent study of natural phenomena, and of a magic power of embodying his observations in words, *The Princess* furnishes not a few, some of them, perhaps, familiar to many who might yet be at a loss to assign them at once to their proper context. Mr. Dawson has noted most of the more striking instances, but the omission may be remarked of one second to none in felicity, the lines with which the first part of the poem ends:

"I seemed  
To float about a glimmering night, and watch  
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight,  
swell  
On some dark shore just seen that it was  
rich."<sup>1</sup>

It is only in the last two parts that high poetry remains uninterrupted by burlesque, but fragments of beauty such as that just quoted abound all through the poem. To our enjoyment of these and of the exquisite lyrics, there is perhaps this drawback, that they somewhat discontent us with the burlesque portions, at any rate where the latter are less skilfully managed.

<sup>1</sup> Attentively as Mr. Dawson seems to have studied most of the poem, he makes three or four curious minor errors. He quotes (p. 117) the lines describing a sunset at the end of the third part as though they formed a continuous passage with others which occur near the beginning of the seventh part, and among these last, in the line,

"And suck the blinding splendour from the sand"

he changes *blinding* to *blending*. Again (p. 25), he speaks of the girl-students at the lectures as "leaning deep in broidered down," whereas that phrase occurs in the description of the rest and meal in the tent during the excursion of the princess among the hills. And commenting on line 65 of the sixth part he takes "the tremulous isles of light" to mean clouds, whereas they must obviously mean the spaces of sunlight between the moving leaves.

Thus it is rather difficult to reconcile our interest in the *Ida* of the last two parts with the somewhat exaggerated pomposity of the lady principal of the earlier portion of the poem, and especially with the unamiable rudeness of her criticism of the disguised prince's exquisite "swallow-song," sung, as she then supposes, by a stranger girl just placed under her protection. And the entire absence in her of a sense of humour is somewhat too much emphasised for those who are not prepared to go quite as far as Mr. Dawson in denying that sense altogether to women. Moreover, female critics at any rate will be dissatisfied by the want of joyfulness in her final surrender to love. But the poet has amply guarded against the supposition of his not being fully aware that he "moves as in a strange diagonal," or, as he otherwise presents the idea, in a world of shadows melting into and out of realities, by no means to be criticised as a drama more closely related to real life might be.

Leaving the discussion of the execution of the poem, we may next consider how its subject and spirit and relation to life and ideas are regarded by its new-world critic. Among the few of his predecessors in whom he finds a "keener sense of appreciation," he mentions the late Rev. Frederick Robertson as one of the earliest and most discriminating in his estimate of the poem, and cites the following passage from a lecture delivered by Mr. Robertson in 1852:—

"Thus in Tennyson's *Princess*, which he calls a 'medley,' the former half of which is sportive, and the plot almost too fantastic and impossible for criticism, while the latter portion seems too serious for a story so light and flimsy, he has with exquisite taste disposed of the question which has its burlesque and comic, as well as its tragic side, of woman's present place and future destinies. And if any one wishes to see this subject treated with a masterly and delicate hand, in protest alike against the theories which would make her as the man, which she could only be by becoming masculine, not manly, and those which would

have her to remain the toy or the slave or the slight thing of sentimental and frivolous accomplishment which education has hitherto aimed at making her, I would recommend him to study the few last pages of the *Princess*, where the poet brings the question back, as a poet should, to nature; develops the ideal out of the actual woman, and reads out of what she is, on the one hand, what her Creator intended her to be, and on the other, what she never can or ought to be."

Mr. Dawson himself remarks (p. 9) in the same spirit, but somewhat more unguardedly: "*The Princess* contains Tennyson's solution of the problem of the true position of women in society—a profound and vital question, upon the solution of which the future of civilisation depends." It can hardly be thought that the poet himself would claim so wide-reaching a social aim and achievement for his poem. His work has been rather this: while holding a point of view which he shares with all men and women of good sense and sound feeling, he throws hence, by his poetic imagination and execution, an attractive charm over fanciful incidents, redeemed from mere fancifulness by a relation to aspirations and efforts sufficiently real and human (though in many ways exceptional) to concur with the more general human interests on which works of the imagination have to base the permanence of their power. That woman has her best and fittest place in family life, and that what each generation of the human race is to be, depends in great part on its mothers; that

"Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse; could we make her as the man  
Sweet Love were slain—"

all the reflections, in short, so exquisitely expressed in the last scene of the poem—these can hardly fail to find general acceptance and comprehension, more general probably than could be accorded to any "solution of a problem" hitherto unsolved. It is, in fact, neither a statement nor a solution of a social problem that is to be found here, but a presentment of

diverse aspects of human life and aspiration, which interest the beholder, first because of their intrinsic and separate value and beauty; and, secondly, because of the difficulties in the way of an endeavour to embrace and harmonise them in a general scheme of life, while the need of such harmonising is yet felt and (in the individual case at least which forms the central story of the poem) ultimately satisfied. Of these aspects of life and aspiration, one is that ever-recurrent aspect of the union of the sexes in conjugal and family life, which has been an abiding and potent motive in imaginative writing from the earliest times, though even this has somewhat changed its form in successive phases of civilisation. The other is the more exclusive and less familiar aspect of feminine aspiration toward an intellectual and moral ideal, and consequent revolt or detachment from the ordinary life of women, which they may feel to be always too absorbing and sometimes too degraded to allow the fullest development of their capacities for this ideal. There has always been a dim consciousness in man, that his relations to the divine, that is, to the ideal, side of life, were most fitly represented by the purity and single-heartedness of woman, and that she is in a manner a mediator and interpreter between him and heaven, reversing the Puritan and, so to speak, political idea expressed in Milton's line, "He for God only, she for God in him." Of this dim consciousness the Pythia at Delphi and the Vestal Virgins at Rome were testimony. But woman as a representative of the ideal can hardly be said to have been consciously recognised until Christianity had consecrated the adoration of the Virgin Mother. Since then, although the influence of women as wives and mothers must always be immeasurably the most important and precious, it is impossible to deny that their influence has existed in other forms which have affected the history

of mankind. It is enough to name Jeanne d'Arc and St. Catherine of Siena as types of a class that has proved *furens quid femina possit* when her frenzy is of that rare celestial kind which can work itself out in ordered action, and leave its mark in the record of the weighty affairs of men, as the lightning on the riven rock. Nor yet is it as wife or mother that Beatrice is the mystic guide of Dante's spiritual life. The middle ages, with their sense of the nearness of the supernatural, were of course a period far more apt for such manifestations. The Puritan and reforming religious enthusiasms of the seventeenth century were associated with mysticisms of a different kind; and as to the eighteenth, a Jeanne or a St. Catherine could hardly, under any modification, have co-existed with Frederick II. and Voltaire. Yet the paths of perfection in which good women have walked unsupported by man's arm, have not been less thronged since then because they have been more hidden from the light. Not from deserts and hermitages or mystic oak-forests have they gone forth to sway battles on the field or councils in the palace, but from inconspicuous homes into hospitals and prisons and haunts of squalid misery and vice.

It is true that the aspirations which have led women to these heights have been mainly moral, not intellectual; but then they have included moral qualities not commonly assigned to women, such as Jeanne d'Arc's heroism in war, and in the ages of faith the development of the intellectual part of man himself was by no means looked on as so important as it appeared to both earlier and later civilisations. A weightier difference between the acts of historic heroines and the fanciful story of Mr. Tennyson's poem is, that their achievements were to be accomplished through the agency of men, whose guidance they undertook, not as belonging to an equal or superior sex of humanity, but as messengers of God.

It is the remembrance of that august name, and the solemnity with which it has been habitually invoked by the women who have most impressed the world—it is this that chiefly makes the enthusiasm of the Princess Ida pale by comparison, and keeps her aspirations, even while they are toward moral as well as intellectual freedom, in the region of comedy. Nevertheless, enough of seriousness and nobility remains to allow us to feel, as has been said above, the interest of a conflict between a traditional, though exceptional, view of woman's capacities and aspirations as standing above and apart from man, and that other view in which family life is all in all to her. Such social problems as may be suggested by the conditions of woman's life generally, are by no means solved by the conclusion of this story, beautiful and necessary to the poem as that is. The poem is not needed to prove that for a woman to make a happy marriage of mutual love with a man who has a pure faith in womankind and in her, and is ready to foster and recognise all her qualities of mind as well as heart, is a better and happier lot than to preside over a women's college founded under the influence of a Lady Blanche, and conducted in a reactionary spirit of jealous antagonism between the sexes. The "problem of the position of woman in society" is concerned rather with those to whom no such alternatives are open, and generally with matters of an altogether homelier, more prosaic, though often more pathetic kind. The value of Ida's theories to the poem is not that of a thesis to be disproved, but of a suggestion of a side of feminine nature to be recognised and enjoyed in the spectacle of its action and interaction as any other healthy part of human nature is to be. The question for the student of the poem is simply what amount and what kind of beauty is by this or any other means infused into the work.

In view of some criticism which

would seem to consider the subject and ideas of a poem as insignificant, it may be needful for those who think otherwise to pronounce decidedly for the co-ordinate importance of the poet's subject with his diction, imagery, and metre, for the differences of beauty may be as great in the one department as in the other. Among the most indispensable requisites of a true and complete poet are the instinct for beauty and the love of it, an instinct and a love which will make him avoid any prolonged touch of base subjects, as much as harsh metre or diction. Few poets can stand this test better than Mr. Tennyson, and it is an additional honour to his genius that, by force of this instinct for beauty as well as of that rare sort of imagination which can transfigure and illumine the habitual, not less than it can evoke the strange, he has so often succeeded in creating a deep poetic interest without either very exceptional incident or the adoption of any peculiar and artificial mannerism of thought or feeling which might have afforded more easily a picturesque view of life. Some emphatic admirers of his other poems derive no pleasure from his treatment of the Arthurian legends, because the tone and spirit of the original romances are obviously in many characteristic points entirely abandoned. Yet it may surely be maintained that he has done no more than Sophocles did in handling the characters of Homer, and that it is possible to find a distinct interest and enjoyment in the new treatment, without any disloyal detachment from the old. In the case of *The Princess*, however, where the fanciful framework is altogether the poet's own, it is obvious that the leading ideas and motives, if there are to be any at all, must be introduced by the poet himself, and that he must be responsible for their naturalness, for their beauty, and for the depth of their interest. That the aspiration of noble women toward a broader and

higher spiritual and intellectual life is beautiful and natural, that love of husband and children is beautiful and natural, that the blending of the former in the latter is most beautiful and natural of all—these truths are not far to seek or difficult to maintain. But beneath the individual tale which touches and delights us may be found a deeper symbolism, whereby every heroine of such a tale is seen as the type of womanhood in its attributes of weakness and power so mysteriously and mystically blended and transfused. The momentous revolution whereby the radiant presence of the virgin daughter of Zeus was eclipsed before men's eyes by the mournful mother of Nazareth and Calvary, might seem in some sense an idealised symbol including, in its wider significance, what "has been and may be again," in the history of any woman's life. Her maiden youth may seem a thing so fair and free that we must almost think of its loss and change as of the capture and captivity of some ethereal creature made to be an end in itself, an existence too complete and choice to mar by merging in another. Then comes the surrender, the acknowledgment of woman's primal dependence, with all its momentous alternatives of joy or pain; and it is only after a pause of doubtful expectancy that we see her emerge in a new radiance, as though the Pleiad lost from among her sisters should rise in the east a twin-star, with softer but undiminished splendour, bathed in the all-encompassing ocean-stream. The dependence on man of a creature in some ways higher than himself is one of the most pathetic and momentous facts in life, as well as one of the most inexhaustible and beautiful motives in poetry; nor can any alteration in statutes made by man (which virtually he can repeal when he will) shift from his shoulders the responsibilities imposed on him by the unalterable laws of nature. And to preserve in man that spirit of

chivalry which is a better security than any laws (however needful these may be) for woman's happiness, it is necessary that he remember that she may need heavenward soarings, as well as the shelter of the nest.

These are some of the thoughts which such a poem as *The Princess* may readily suggest, and by its power to suggest which it partly produces its poetic effect. It may be well to note such suggestions after a manner now and then. But on the whole, however interesting it may be to give account of the total impression made by a poet's best and most characteristic works on some sympathetic and discriminating mind, any prolonged analysis of a single work is rarely satisfactory, and the many failures in

this kind, from Goethe's criticism of *Hamlet* downward, should be a warning that the poet has been in heaven and the critic is on earth; therefore should his words be few. Prolonged comment can seldom avoid being either misconceived or superfluous. Any work of art, and a poem not the least, were best left, as a general rule, to speak for itself; if it be over-handled and over-analysed, it will seem as though we witnessed the rainbow-colours of life fade from the plumage of some bright creature of the element, and the ingenious remarks of the critic will sound hollow and dull above it, almost as though they were in mockery of its song.

ERNEST MYERS.

#### A WINTRY SONNET.

A Robin said: The Spring will never come,  
 And I shall never care to build again.  
 A Rosebush said: These frosts are wearisome,  
 My sap will never stir for sun or rain.  
 The round Moon said: These nights are fogged and slow,  
 I neither care to wax nor care to wane.  
 The Ocean said: I thirst from long ago,  
 Because earth's rivers cannot fill the main.—  
 When Springtime came, red Robin built a nest,  
 And trilled a lover's song in sheer delight.  
 Grey hoarfrost vanished, and the Rose with might  
 Clothed her in leaves and buds of crimson core.  
 The dim Moon brightened. Ocean sunned his crest,  
 Dimpled his blue, yet thirsted evermore.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



## PATENT MEDICINES.

THERE are few persons, perhaps, in this metropolis who do not know of the existence of "patent medicines," but it may be safely said that only a very small number are fully aware of their exact nature and characteristics.

Medicines are, of course, any substances used in the treatment of disease. The word "patent," in one sense, signifies unconcealed; but that is very far from its meaning as applied to the medicines in question. In this connexion it means that the medicine is the subject of an official document conferring an exclusive right or privilege.

Patent medicines, then, are drugs for internal or external use, intended for the relief or cure of various bodily ills and sufferings, prepared and sold under certain conditions and privileges granted by the State for the purposes of revenue. They present several peculiarities, and differ from all other preparations or mixtures of drugs in the fact that the bottles or packages containing them have an extra fastening in the shape of a small slip of paper, showing the exact interest which the State has in them—in other words, the duty levied upon them—affixed in a prescribed manner, over the ordinary stopper, lid, or cork. When offered for sale, they are usually enveloped in numerous folds of printed matter, some proclaiming their virtues, others giving testimonials from persons who have used them, and who are willing to reciprocate any benefits they have received from the particular medicine in question.

Patent medicines are to be obtained of various tradesmen, other than chemists and druggists—chiefly grocers, oilmen, and general co-operative store-keepers.

The prices of them vary from one shilling and three-halfpence to several

shillings and some odd pence, the odd pence having a great significance, to be explained later. These charges may be said to be moderate in consideration of the benefits which they announce to poor suffering humanity.

Their chief characteristic, however, is the *secrecy* of their composition; the technical names of the ingredients being in most instances suppressed, and fanciful ones substituted. Nevertheless, little as their designations or labels indicate their real nature or properties, they are, beyond all question, highly appreciated and very extensively used by a large section of the community. They are, with few exceptions, prepared and recommended by persons outside of that profession whose special knowledge and proper function is the treatment of disease—chiefly by those devoted to pharmacy and drug-selling.

In further elucidation of the subject, it will be well to arrange patent medicines into two classes, according to their effects upon the human frame; viz., Simple and Useful: Potent and Dangerous.

"The relation of pharmacy to the State" has of late been ably and conspicuously set forth by a high authority. But the relation of pharmacy to physic also much needs elucidation and better appreciation. These two distinct branches of the healing art—the former but a hand-maid to the latter—are by a large section of the community considered as but varying grades of one and the same art and science.

It must appear to some needless and trite to say that physic, as a science, has about the same necessary association with pharmacy that the science of astronomy has with navigation; and that to assume that the knowledge of pharmacy and drugs alone fits one to practise the healing art with safety

and advantage to suffering humanity is about as reasonable, and as likely to be attended with satisfactory results as if an astronomer were to take the helm of a ship in the trackless ocean bound for a distant port.

The purpose of this article, however, is not to go into the relation which pharmacy and drugs bear to the science of physic and treatment of disease, nor to point out the peculiarities of our legislation respecting drug- or poison-selling in all its phases—the ambiguous character of some of which may be readily seen by reference to the Law Reports, vol. 3, app. cases, House of Lords, 857. But our object is to direct attention to the law and the practice in this country for originating and supporting patent medicines—i.e. secret mixtures of drugs—protected by Government stamps, particularly those of the *potent and dangerous class*; and further, to show how the State and the welfare of the community are affected by such law and practice.

The writer's attention was first specially attracted to this matter on being hastily summoned early one morning, some months since, to the death-bed of a gentleman, who, as it appeared at the inquest, had retired to rest in fair bodily health.

Not far from his bed lay an empty vial, which had contained several large doses of a very potent drug, and was labelled "*Solution of Chloral.*" The immediate cause of death was undoubted. Attached to the lip of the bottle was a mutilated Government revenue stamp. In its main features, viz. the suddenness and inadvertency of the event—the unfortunate victim having retired to rest in fair bodily health, merely suffering from sleeplessness—and the close proximity of the empty vial with the remnant of the Government stamp attached to it, the case may be taken as a type of the violent deaths—"misadventures," as they are now delicately termed—which are yearly increasing, and so very frequently occurring to the unwary, who, upon their own judgment,

have recourse to drugs and secret mixtures of drugs, of powerful lethal effects, for sleeplessness or other slight ailments, not prescribed after knowledge of the case by any competent authority, but taken simply on the supposition of the patient that they will benefit his case.

In the Registrar-General's annual reports, under the heading "*Violent Deaths by Chemicals,*" a list of drugs and mixtures of drugs will be seen, several of which, owing to the way they are compounded, puffed, and vended, require Government stamps to be affixed, and hence acquire the name of patent medicines. Such are Chlorodyne, Hydrate of Chloral, Godfrey's Cordial, Vermin Killer, Nerve Drops, and many more.

The figures opposite to these items doubtless agree with coroners' returns, but they are far from showing the whole mischief they are accountable for. In many instances of such sudden and violent deaths the actual agents causing them are intentionally altogether concealed. Others are probably included under the item of "*Kinds not Stated*" on the same list; and short of these fatal results, numerous other ill consequences, of varying degrees of severity, arise from the effects of these secret mixtures.

A few extracts selected from a large number reported in the daily and weekly papers will serve to illustrate the evil and to verify the statements already made:—

*Fatal Overdose of Chloral.*—Dr. Diplock held an inquiry at 16, Elgin Road, Notting Hill, relative to the death of Henry Albert Jessop. —Ernest Jessop, a brother, said on Thursday morning he went into his brother's room, and he then discovered him to be dead. An empty chloral bottle was on the dressing-table. Deceased had suffered from sleeplessness, and had said he was able to get plenty of things to cure it. Deceased had a happy home, and a large business in the City, and witness was of opinion there was no intention to commit suicide.—Dr. Hubbard, of Elgin Road, Notting Hill, gave it as his opinion that death was due to an overdose of chloral, which was a most potent drug. The jury returned a verdict of death from taking an overdose of chloral.

*Death from an Overdose of Chloral.*—An inquest was recently held at Saxonbury Lodge, Ryde, Isle of Wight, on the body of Lady Petre, the widow of the late Hon. A. Petre, who was found dead in her bed. It appeared that the deceased lady retired to rest at her usual hour apparently in very good health. The next morning she was found dead in bed. By her side was a bottle of chloral, which had been got for her by the governess on Boxing Day, and from which sixteen teaspoonfuls had been taken, one teaspoonful making a dose. It was shown that deceased had been in the habit of taking chloral for sleeplessness during the past twelve months, and that the practice caused increased doses to be necessary to take effect. The jury returned a verdict that deceased died from incautiously and inadvertently taking an overdose of chloral.

*Chloral Poisoning.*—Dr. George Danford Thomas held an inquiry at 39, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, as to the death of Vincent Amcott Craycrofts Amcott, aged thirty-six, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Lincoln, who had resided at the above address for seven years.—The jury agreed to a verdict that "Death was from an overdose of hydrate of chloral, contained in a bottle of 'Hunter's Solution of Chloral,' sold as a patent medicine; that it was taken to promote sleep and by misadventure."

*Poisoning by Chloral Hydrate.*—A melancholy death—the result of an overdose of chloral—has just occurred at Scole, in Norfolk. The victim, Miss Jane Emily Ashfield, was an elderly lady, who had been an invalid for several years. An inquiry recently held, disclosed some rather startling revelations respecting the facilities for sale of poisons afforded by co-operative stores. The inquest was held at the White Hart Inn, Scole, before H. E. Garrod, Esq., coroner, and the jury returned as their verdict: "That the deceased, Jane Emily Ashfield, met with her death from the effects of an overdose of Hunter's Solution of Chloral, taken inadvertently."

*Death from an Overdose of Chloral.*—Dr. George Danford Thomas held an inquest at Paddington on the body of Alma Boennecke, aged forty-two, a spinster, also a teacher of music, who was found dead at her residence, No. 26, Westbourne Park Terrace, Paddington.—Deceased, a Belgian by birth, at times suffered from sleeplessness.—The jury came to the conclusion that the deceased had taken the hydrate of chloral to procure sleep; also, that the bottle, being unmarked, she had taken an overdose; and returned a verdict of "Death through misadventure."

*Chlorodyne Poisoning.*—*The Sale of Patent Medicines.*—Dr. Diplock recently held an inquest concerning the death of Mr. Edward James Richard Harris, aged thirty-two, a stockbroker, lately residing at 48, Blenheim Crescent. Considering the history of the case, and the symptoms exhibited by the deceased,

the doctor had no doubt that death was due to poison from chlorodyne.—The jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide while in a state of unsound mind, to which they attached the following rider:—"That the sale of patent medicines should be restricted."

*Chlorodyne Poisoning.*—Mr. William Carter, coroner, held an inquiry at the Star Tavern, Abbey Street, Bermondsey, into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Thomas Pash, aged sixty-four years, lately residing at 5, Oxley Place, Parker's Road, Bermondsey, who died from the effects of an overdose of chlorodyne.—The jury returned the following verdict:—"Death from misadventure by an overdose of chlorodyne, administered inadvertently, and not with the intention of destroying life."

The two statutes—*The Medicine Stamp Act* and *The Medicine Licence Act*—which originate and regulate this system of the healing art and drug-selling may be said to be of two characters, some of the eighteenth century and others of the nineteenth.

1. In the year 1783, the ministers of George the Third passed "An Act—Geo. III. cap. 1—for granting to his Majesty a stamp duty on all licences to be taken by certain persons uttering and vending medicines, and certain stamp duties on all medicines sold under such licences, or under authority of his Majesty's letters patent (except such as had served a regular apprenticeship to any surgeon or apothecary, or chemist and druggist). These duties to be levied, collected, and paid, unto and for the use of his Majesty, his heirs, and successors." Two years later, by Act 25 George III., cap. 62, sec. 16, other conditions and privileges as to drug-selling were imposed and granted, viz.:—

"Any person whatsoever, who has, or claims to have, any secret art or sole right of compounding preparations of drugs, and advertising and recommending the same as specifics for the cure or relief of any complaint or malady, shall affix a Government stamp to the vials, vessels, or inclosures containing them."

These enactments have many times been on the anvil for the purpose of

amendment—that is to say, *with the object of increasing the public exchequer*; and in furtherance of this, any violation of these statutes as to misuse of the stamp, or intent to defraud the State, is punished with severe pains and penalties.

By Act 25 Geo. III., cap. 79, sec. 17, 1783, "If any person who shall privately and fraudulently use any seal, stamp, or mark, directed and allowed to be used by this Act, with intent to defraud his Majesty, his heirs or successors, of any of the said duties, then every such person so offending, and being thereof convicted, shall be adjudged a felon, and shall suffer death as in case of felony, without benefit of clergy."

These laws and the practices dependent on them had their origin in times which, as compared with the present, may be called the dark ages of medicines. They have now been perpetuated through a period of a hundred years, and are still increasing and flourishing, notwithstanding the advance of that science which has for its object the treatment of disease and the advancement of pharmacy and the position of pharmacists.

2. The statutes of modern times—the latter part of this nineteenth century—both negatively and positively supporting the system of patent medicines are—

The Pharmacy Act, 1868.

The Excise Act, 1875.

The *Pharmacy Act*, enacted "to regulate the sale of poisons for the safety of the public," says, in section 16, "Nothing hereinbefore contained shall extend to, or interfere with, the making or dealing in 'patent medicines.'"

Unfortunately other interests hardly consonant with "the safety of the public" are cared for and protected by the framers of this Act (sec. 16<sup>1</sup>), consequently its chief use falls to the ground.

The "Pharmacy Act" was enacted to restrict the sale of poisons, and it exempts patent medicines. But

patent medicines largely contain poisons; *ergo*, the Pharmacy Act stultifies itself.

The *Excise Act*, 1875, referring to the license necessary for the sale of patent medicines, says that, "In lieu of the duties then payable (2*l.* in London, and 10*s.* in other specified cities) by law, in respect of these medicines, a uniform duty of 5*s.* shall be payable throughout Great Britain."

This Act, so materially reducing the license, is entirely in the interest of the public exchequer, and is largely taken advantage of by various denominations of tradesmen.

The following statistics will give some idea of the enormous extent of this traffic, which is now so rife in the fourth quarter of this enlightened sanitary-seeking century.

By official returns issued for the year ending 31st March, 1881, the number of licenses to sell patent medicines was 18,754, for which the sum of 4,688*l.* 10*s.* was paid. The revenue derived from the stamps for patent medicines during the same time amounted to 139,762*l.* 18*s.* 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>*d.* in respect of not less than 17,198,442 stamps sold.

By many these stamps are accepted as a Government guarantee of the contents of the bottles or packets to which they are affixed; though, indeed, they are only receipts for duty paid.

The nature of articles to which Government stamps are affixed have, or at least presumably have, the cognisance and sanction of the legislature. Many of these medicines, though composed of the most potent poisons of the pharmacopœia, are sold indiscriminately to the public from grocery and provision stores. They are constantly proving treacherous pitfalls to robust adults as well as to tender infants. Being so easily obtainable, they largely facilitate the development of the pernicious practices and enslaving habits of chloral and opium taking, now so common in the undercurrents of the domestic life of these times.

No thought or care has ever been bestowed by the legislature on checking the untoward consequences which in the ordinary course of events are pretty sure to occur from these questionable modes of using materials so dangerous as many drugs. No word of specification or limitation as to what may or may not form the component parts of these secret mixtures occurs in any Act; no directions or restrictions as to labelling are required in order to show the technical name or nature, whether simple or potent, respecting these mysterious compounds of drugs. The one requirement is the exhibition of the stamp certifying the Government duty! Legislation enacted for the purpose of gaining revenue to the State at the risk of the health and life of the community can hardly be considered the highest class of statesmanship.

Indeed far graver considerations than those of mere statesmanship are mixed up with this important subject. "When death," says Blackstone, "ensues as a consequence of an act lawful in itself, and executed with circumspection and moderation"—as an officer punishing a criminal, or a nurse administering, or an individual taking, a properly regulated and a properly prescribed dose of medicine—"such death," he continues, "is styled, death by misadventure, or excusable homicide." But when deaths ensue as a consequence of overdoses of *those secret compounds and mysterious mixtures of drugs, the potency and dangerous nature of many of which are well known and only known to the proprietors or compounders of them, and which are advertised not in their technical names, but under fictitious designations, such deaths can hardly come within the definition of "circumspection" and "moderation," nor, I submit, can they justly be the subject of such facile verdicts as "misadventures" or excusable homicides. But this part of the question must be left for another time.*

It will doubtless occur to some

readers of this paper to inquire, Has nothing been done to remedy or ameliorate the evils here set forth?

The answer is, Yes—something in many ways; in Parliament and out of Parliament; by societies and by individuals; by the public press and by public prosecutions; yet the matter still remains *in statu quo ante*.

In the House of Commons—

"Mr. Warton called attention to the subject of patent medicines, and urged the desirability of placing restrictions on the sale of patent medicines of a poisonous character. He maintained that the Government stamp affixed to patent medicines was oft-n taken by ignorant people as a Government guarantee of the so-called specifics. It was a curious thing, that by the Act of Parliament the rights of quacks were reserved, for, by the Pharmacy Act, patent medicines were exempted from the provisions in respect to poisons. There were, however, many cases in which chloral and other things of the sort had proved fatal. He suggested that the Government stamp should set forth that the duty was levied for fiscal purposes; but was not to be taken as a guarantee of the contents.—Dr. Farquharson thought the hon. member for Bridport had done good service in bringing the question forward, and agreed with him that some mode should be adopted for preventing the Government stamp being accepted as a guarantee of the medicines.—Mr. Hibbert agreed that the question was an important one, and sympathised fully with the hon. member for Bridport. He could not promise anything on behalf of the Government; but he hoped that they would consider the question, and introduce a better system than that which obtained at present."

The following public prosecution is instructive:—

"A chemist appeared to answer a summons for an infringement of the Poisons Act.—Mr. Poland appeared to support the summons, and Mr. Besley for the defendant.—Mr. Poland said he was instructed by the Director of Public Prosecutions to support the summons, which had been taken out against the defendant for selling a certain poison called 'Hunter's Solution of Chloral,' contained in a bottle, it being an aqueous solution of hydrate of chloral containing 264 grains of chloral hydrate within the meaning of the Pharmacy Act, 1868, without a label bearing the word 'poison.' The contention on the other side was that the chloral was sold as a patent medicine, and therefore did not come under the operation of the Act.—The sale having been proved,

Dr. Dupré, professor of chemistry at Westminster Hospital, said he received the bottles. They were labelled 'Hunter's Solution of Chloral; a Sedative Draught and Sleep Producer.' He analysed the contents of the bottles, and found them to contain aqueous solution of hydrate of chloral. The large bottle contained 264 grains of chloral hydrate, and the smaller one about eighty-eight grains. A small quantity of thirty grains had proved fatal, there being one case recorded. There were several at thirty-eight. —In reply to Mr. Poland, Dr. Dupré said it was a poison. He also said that there were twenty-two grains of the solution in a teaspoonful. —Mr. Besley contended that it was not a question of facts, but one of law, and on his application a case was granted for the opinion of a superior court."

In looking for remedies or ameliorations of the evils here set forth, some useful hints may be gained from the following extract from the *British Medical Journal*, July 2, 1880:—

*The Sale of Patent Medicines.*—In respect to the sale of patent medicines, we might advantageously take a lesson from the Japanese. We learn, from the first report of the Central Sanitary Bureau of Japan, just issued, that they have established a public laboratory for the analysis of chemicals and patent medicines. The proprietors of patent medicines are bound to present a sample, with the names and proportion of the ingredients, directions for its use, and explanations of its supposed efficacy. During the year, there were no fewer than 11,904 applicants for license to prepare and sell 148,091 patent and secret medicines. Permission for the preparation and sale of 58,638 different kinds was granted, 8,592 were prohibited, 9,918 were ordered to be discontinued, and 70,943 remained still to be reported on. The majority of those which were authorised to be sold were of no efficacy, and but few were really remedial agents. But

the sale of these was not prohibited, as they were not dangerous to the health of the people. If similar regulations were put in force in this country, it is probable that the sale of several patent medicines would be put a stop to."

If the large and various interests involved in the proprietorship and sale of patent medicines be such that disclosure of the ingredients in some public laboratory, properly constituted for the purpose, is not, as in other countries, expedient here, surely those who make use of the remedies should be made acquainted with the nature of such as are in any way dangerous, and so become responsible, at least in some measure, for their own acts. The proper technical names of them should be made conspicuous, and the full limit of a safe dose should be stated on the label, with the word "Poisonous" attached. The license for the sale of them should not be granted to grocers and general dealers, but should be restricted to qualified pharmacists, subject to the conditions of section 17 of the Pharmacy Act, 1868.

The Council of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, under whose guardianship the matter chiefly rests, long since prepared a Bill in Parliament to amend the Acts touching these defects, and it is earnestly to be hoped that our legislators may see the necessity of quickly giving their attention to it.

HENRY W. HUBBARD.



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